TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—5 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 41.

Around Town.

The tenders having been opened, it is found that the cost of erecting the new City Hall will be nearly a million and a half dollars. It is to be hoped that the citizens will not be horrified by this amount, but that construction will be at once proceeded with. Money is continually being expended tinkering up old ratterias; the land is lying idle, and the city, which lacks adornment, should at once receive this addition to its public buildings. The tenders are being awarded at a time when work is cheaper in the city than it has been for some time. Private speculation in the building trade has been languishing, and it will be of vast importance to the city if work is provided for the very large class who other wise will be out of employment. There is no danger that Toronto will go back; it simply requires a little public spirit and enterprise to keep it in motion. Citizens consulting their own interest, as well as the improvement of the city, will find it to their advantage that the City Hall be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

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The will of the late Archbishop Lynch, showing the comparative poverty in which the great prelate died, should teach many of his critics to look with greater charity on the life which was entirely devoted to the church which he deemed the only custodian of Truth. Great preachers in the Protestant churches seldom die poor; the Beechers, Talmages, Spurgeons, Punshons, the leading men in the churches of our own city, the ecclesiastics of the Anglican Church, the dignitaries in all the State churches in Europe, are affluent, some of them exceedingly wealthy. Archbishop Lynch perhaps had greater influence than any other clergyman in the Dominion, possibly greater political influence than any other priest or pastor in America, yet he died worth less than five hundred dollars, leaving to the charity of his successor the support of his aged sister. His career, viewed in the light of the self-denial and zeal for which he must be remembered, proves that in all he did he sought not his own advancement but the glory and the power of what he considered the true church. While we could not, as Protestants, but occasionally object to his methods, and while we feel that clerical interference in political matters must not be tolerated in Canada, we cannot, without making most invidious comparisons, place his career alongside those eminent preachers who have acquired wealth and distinction, not as laborers in the vineyards of the Master, but as *litterateurs*, sensationalists and religio-political agitators. The world is always ready to forgive men who believe they were right, even though they did what to the majority seemed wrong, and blessed in all ages and countries is the memory of the man who gave up everything, took up his cross and followed Him who had not where to lay His head.

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The controversy with regard to retaliation still goes merrily on. In England, United States and Canada the discussion fortunately has been marked by caution with but few exceptions. Even our Yankee neighbors have indulged in less bluster than might have been expected. I cannot help thinking that the independent tone of the Canadian newspapers and politicians, and our prevalent and proper disregard of what the President may do, has very much reduced the heads of both the Republicans and Democrats. The former cannot relieve themselves of the onus of having instigated the unneighborly policy which Cleveland has adopted and outdone. The Democrats have found that Canada is not frightened, and will permit the President to retaliate until he is sick of it and himself. All of which leaves President Cleveland in a rather undignified position. If he had time enough to persist in his policy he might make it exceedingly inconvenient for Canada and enable his fellow citizens to see that his course has embarrassed the saucy Canucks. But he has not time to exemplify all this, and it leaves him in the position of having assumed a tone and attitude which enables the English and Canadian people to laugh at him.

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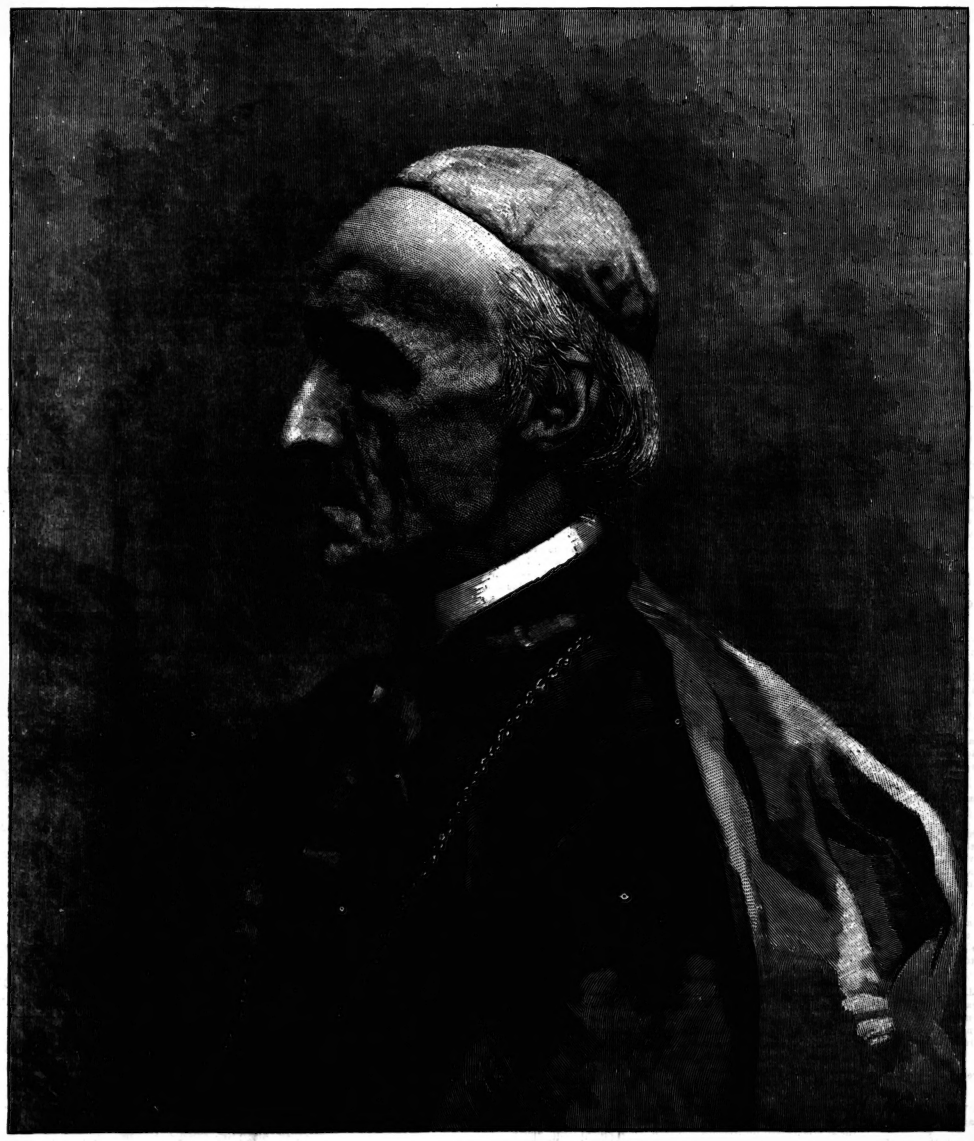
It is not the business of the newspapers of the Dominion to arrange the policy of the government at this important crisis. That business has been entrusted to men who are thoroughly informed and, we must presume, competent, and the wisest paper will have nothing to say except that the administration must thoroughly convince themselves of what is right and stick to that without the deviation of a hairsbreadth. When we have justice on our side and our cause is upheld by the eternal rock-buttressed mountains of Right we are cowards if we think of the result and deserve to be laughed at and spat upon if we flinch from the defence of what is ours. Nevertheless our public men should carefully avoid emitting too much noise. Nobody now-a-days mistakes bluster for bravery.

Talking the other day about E. Strachan Cox, a Calvinistic friend of mine remarked that fast living fellows of the Cox stripe, who try to cut a wide swath, invariably come to ruin. No doubt he is right to a considerable extent, but I called his attention to the fact that the men who had departed from Canada on account of the Central Bank failure were not all fast livers. No man could be more temperate in his habits than President Blain was. He went to bed every night at nine or ten o'clock, and rose invariably at five. D. Mitchell McDonald was prominently identified with a number of religious movements, and Cashier Allan was as nice and inoffensive a man as you could pick up anywhere. No one ever saw him guzzling around the clubs or matching guineas in a bar-room. Of the directors, one was the publisher of a religious newspaper, of very careful life, and the remainder were men above reproach in their outward conduct. True, Barnett was a high roller, but he was a traveling fakir, skilled at ingratiating himself, considering ingratitude a piece of smartness and swindling a triumph of genius. Cox used to drive fast horses and spend a good deal of money, but it must not be forgotten that he was exceedingly clever in his business, and legitimately could and did make much money which he spent rather recklessly, still his case will not answer as a horrible example picked out from amongst the others who contributed to the ruin of the bank. Though his example would not be a safe one for young men to follow, there is no reason why it should be selected as being more dreadful than that of some other men who were quoted in Sunday schools as being fit for the imitation of youth. The wickedness of having obtained it unrighteously seems to be far exceeded by the popular horror of a man's foolishness in not being able to hang on to it. Those who intend to follow the career which leads along the margin between honesty and crookedness should remember what a dreadful thing it is to be discovered, and keep continually before their mind the popular abhorrence of the man who is wicked enough to take what isn't "his'n," silly enough to spend it, and fool enough to be found out when his money is gone.



CARDINAL MANNING.

An Ottawa romancer has telegraphed to the New York *Journal* a story about Jean Baptiste Moreau, a millionaire Frenchman, who, after being blind for five years, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and returned with his eyesight almost entirely restored. The yarn goes on to state that Moreau pretended still to be blind in order to give his wife a delightful surprise, and that evening had the pleasure of watching a dashing young neighbor making love to his wife right before his eyes. It concludes by remarking that the scenes which followed the *denouement* may be more easily imagined than described. Moreau, whose faith in his wife was equally as strong as that in the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, has begun proceedings for divorce. It possesses the same charming absence of truth which characterizes the majority of specials from Ottawa to the American papers.

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Would it not be strange, though, if our mental eyes were suddenly opened to see things around us as they are rather than as in our blindness we have imagined them to be. The scenes which would follow could neither be imagined nor described. When the blindness of love is removed the husband almost invariably hates the wife, and the wife can hardly support the disgust she feels for the husband. If the film of ignorance were removed by a pilgrimage to the shrine of unclouded knowledge, what would we see that is lovely, what would we find that would be encurable?

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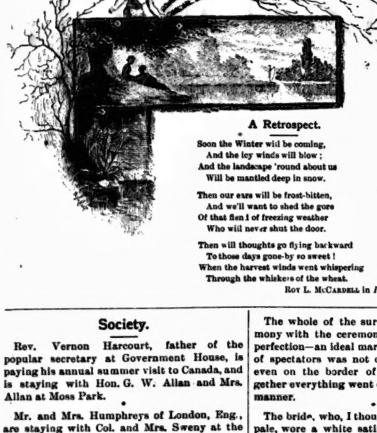
We have reason to congratulate ourselves that those who make this pilgrimage never return to see us as we are, for one pilgrim would disillusionize a whole neighborhood. Without our illusions there would be no beauty, no love, no delightful seeking after the unattainable, no pursuit of the phantoms of hope, none of the enchantment of embracing the visions of our fancy. The baby girl always loves the ugly doll made of wood and rags better than the waxen beauty with its gorgeous clothes. The rag doll leaves something for her fancy, and the baby mind invests the stick of wood robed in a soiled pinafore with a thousand charms which somehow will not cling around the perfection of wax and millinery. When the baby girl grows older her fancy surrounds with equally unaccountable illusion, some lank and big-eared youth whose graces have never been discovered by anyone else, and while she loves him she turns in weariness from some handsome young fellow that other men imagine would just suit a woman's fancy. We have reason to thank fortune for these illusions—delusions, perhaps—for if women saw most men as they are they would flee to the tall timber, and if men found no veil to hide their minds from other men ordinary conversations would be carried on at the end of a shot-gun or by telephone. I don't believe in the awful goodness of human nature, nor yet in its total depravity. Our greatest virtues are maintained by our ignorance of the weakness of others, and temptations are overcome for lack of opportunity or fear of detection, when, had we known the facts, neither the belief in the strength of others nor the fear of detection would have aided us to keep out of mischief. It is a mighty good thing that people are blind, and if we want to be happy and content we had better make no pilgrimages to shrines where we will learn to see too much.

DOK.

Celebrated People Series---No 1.

CARDINAL MANNING.

The recent illness of Cardinal Manning lends an additional interest to the name of this great churchman who has passed his eightieth year. An eloquent leader of the Tractarian party at Oxford, he seceded from the Church of England in 1851, shortly after the Gorham decision regarding baptism. Ordained a priest in 1857 he became superior of the House of Oblates, of St. Charles Borromeo, Bayswater, succeeded Cardinal Wiseman in the Archbishopric of Westminster, and received the Cardinal's hat in 1875. An uncompromising Ultramontane, Cardinal Manning has been incessant in his appeals to his fellow countrymen to return to the bosom of the Early Church.



A Retrospect.

Soon the Winter will be coming,
And the icy winds will blow;
And the landscape 'round about us
Will be mantled deep in snow.

Then our ears will be frost-bitten,
And we'll want to shed the gore
Of that fan I of freezing weather
Who will never shut the door.

Then will thoughts go flying backward
To those days gone-by so sweet!
When the harvest winds went whispering
Through the whiskers of the wheat.

ROY L. MCCARDELL in *Puck*.

Society.

Rev. Vernon Harcourt, father of the popular secretary at Government House, is paying his annual summer visit to Canada, and is staying with Hon. G. W. Allan and Mrs. Allan at Moss Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys of London, Eng., are staying with Col. and Mrs. Sweny at the island. Mrs. Humphreys is a sister of Col. Sweny's.

The late Speaker of the Dominion House and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston have been paying a short visit to the latter's parents at Chestnut Park. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was on the grounds on Saturday, the last day of the Irish Gentlemen's cricket match.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson came to town to be present at the cricket match at the end of last week and returned to Eastwood at the beginning of this week.

Mr. John Morrow has returned to town after three months in England and on the continent. Mr. Morrow's presentation to the Prince of Wales was a notable incident of his visit.

Miss Maude Yarker has returned from a visit to Longuissa, Mr. A. Campbell's country house at Muskoka Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance have left the Island and have taken Mrs. Cameron's house on Carlton street for the winter.

Miss Eadie Hugel of Port Hope is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Torrance.

Miss Small has returned to town from the Queen's Royal, Niagara on the Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson of Galt are once more in town.

Sir Henry and Lady Walter spent a few days of this week in Toronto on their way from Australia to England. They were present at the Front street grounds on the first day of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club's tournament.

Mr. John Small has returned from a visit to seaside places on the Atlantic coast.

The Misses Chambers of Quebec are staying in town.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer invited a great number of people to an afternoon At Home to meet the Irish cricketers. Glenedith, their beautiful place on the Rosedale Hills, looked its best, and the visitors from Ireland were evidently much impressed with their first sight of Toronto beauty. On the following days, when not engaged at the bat or in the field, they amply availed themselves of the fair companionship which Mrs. Nordheimer's introductions had given to many of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stinson of Hamilton have been staying in town.

Mr. Saunders of Devonshire, Eng., who was the popular manager of the two elevens of English Gentlemen who visited Canada last year and the year before, was in town last week on his way to British Columbia and witnessed the Irish cricket match.

Mr. and Mrs. Swinburn and Miss Swinburn of London, Eng., were in town this week on their return journey home from the west, and attended the lawn tennis tournament on more than one afternoon.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., returned from his island in Lake Rosseau in order to be present at the dinner given to the Irish cricketers. Mr. Cockburn intends to spend a portion of the winter with Mrs. Cockburn on the continent of Europe.

The Misses Strachan have returned to Trinity College from Muskoka.

Mrs. Wragge and Miss Wragge have come back to town from Beaumaris, Lake Muskoka.

Captain Sears has returned to the New Fort after a short stay at Mrs. Stephen Heward's place near Orillia.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Rideout have again left town but this time for a week or two only, to visit friends in the province.

Mr. W. Langton has returned from Longuissa, that hospitable lakeside house whose goings and comings I have so often had to record during the present summer.

Canon McRae has left Mr. Albert Nordheimer's house at the Center Island and returned to his home at Winnipeg.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Burdete Lee and Miss Minnie Josephine, only daughter of Mr. J. D. Smith, at St. Paul's church, Bloor street, last Wednesday, was an exceedingly smart affair, in fact, it was one of the prettiest weddings I have seen for some time.

The whole of the surroundings were in harmony with the ceremony itself. The day was perfection—an ideal marriage morn—the crowd of spectators was not dense enough to tread even on the border of discomfort, and altogether everything went off in a most pleasing manner.

The bride, who, I thought, seemed somewhat pale, wore a white satin gown *en train*, pannelled and draped with lace, tulle veil, which I noticed was worn off her face, in place of the flowing veil we all have been accustomed to see. I confess I hardly care for the innovation, but, of course, custom is everything, and the new custom will seem more natural by-and-bye.

The bridesmaids were three in number, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Lucy Lee and little Miss Violet Lee, who wore white cashmere frocks, white ribbons and white mull hats with blush roses, and carried bouquets of blush roses, and maiden-hair ferns.

The bride was, of course, prettily confused, and what struck me most was the marvellous self-possession of the youngest bridesmaid. The onerous duties which fall to the lot of the ushers were most gracefully discharged by Mr. Harry Brock, Mr. Cecil Lee and Mr. Angus McMurchy. The groom was assisted by Mr. E. A. Toshack.

Amongst the invited guests were Mrs. Croil, who looked exceedingly well in black satin and lace with gold-colored ribbons, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, the latter wearing a black lace dress, gray tulle bonnet, with steel ornaments. Mrs. Clark and Miss Clark, whose costumes I could not make out on account of an erratic pillar which considerably dwarfed the range of my vision. And just here, I desire to lodge an emphatic protest against said pillars during wedding ceremonies. They may be useful, but they also hide much that is ornamental on these interesting occasions.

Mais revenons a nos moutons. I think one of the most striking figures at this wedding was Mrs. Smith, the mother of the bride, who really looked superbly handsome in a crushed raspberry corded silk gown. Mrs. Catto wore a gown of garnet satin, with black lace flowers.

During the interval of waiting for the bride Mr. Geddes played several selections of bridal music, only one of which I remember—the Swedish Wedding March, and that only because the organist, played it three times before he recovered himself

The service was a short one, which I think is a most sensible idea. Rev. T. C. Des Barres officiated. The bridal party drove from the church to the residence of the bride's father, No. 43 Isabella street, where luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. Lee left in the afternoon for a tour in the States. Whilst viewing the guests as they drove away my lot was cast in the immediate neighborhood of three or four pretty damsels who seemed mightily interested in the mode of procedure observed on these occasions, and from them I learned that next Wednesday would see another very pretty wedding at St. Peter's church, the contracting parties being Miss Northrup and Mr. George Gooderham, Jr.

Almost at the same hour which saw the wedding I have described a similar scene was being enacted within the walls of the beautiful church of St. Basil. The contracting parties were Mr. J. D. Warde, of the Provincial Secretary's office, and Miss Annie Higgins, daughter of Mr. W. H. Higgins of this city. The mass of the occasion was said by Rev. Father Brennan. Bishop O'Mahony, who was attended by Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines and Rev. Father McEntee of Oshawa, was assisted in the tying of the nuptial knot by Rev. Father Brennan. The musical part of the service was quite beyond the ordinary run and added very much to its beauty. After the wedding breakfast, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Warde left by the afternoon boat for Niagara and New York.

The Irish Gentlemen have carried all before them, and oh! "it might have been" so different but our men only proved a little less faint-hearted in their efforts to uphold the honor of the Dominion. No one, however, begrudges the handsome Paddies their well earned victories. On the green award, in the drawing-room, and at the festive-board they are each and all the "hoith" of good company, and deserve all that Dame Fortune may have in store for them.

With Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey as their guide, philosopher and friend the Irishmen bade a regretful farewell to Toronto on Sunday morning last *en route* for the Falls. They registered at the Cataract Hotel on the American side. Sight-seeing was the order of the day until their departure for Hamilton, which nearly resulted in a general fracas. A greedy porter, knowing them to be strangers, followed the time-honored custom of "taking them in," demanding an additional porter's fee to the one agreed upon for baggage. Naturally enough this was objected to, and when Mr. J. M. Meldon, "the cherub," was struck by the Yankee fleecer, the cherub, by a well directed blow, promptly laid his man out in the most approved fashion. The depot was filled with the *confreres* of the fallen man, and these, rushing in to assist, the Irishmen stood shoulder to and, headed by "Adonis" Johnston, the champion amateur boxer of Trin. Coll., Dublin, cleared a passage to the baggage car in the most resolute fashion, where, after depositing their baggage, the gallant Milesians coolly walked up and down the platform until the train left.

Many Torontonians went up to Hamilton on Monday to attend the dance given by Mrs. Wm. Hendrie in honor of the visiting Irishmen. It was a very enjoyable affair, and amongst the Hamiltonians present were Mrs. Frank McKelcham, Miss Givern, Mrs. Tom Stinson, Miss Hendrie, Miss Annie Hendrie, Miss Dunlop, Miss Harvie, Miss Sinclair, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Crerar, Miss Crerar, Miss Young, Miss Dewar, Miss Robertson, Miss Martin, Miss Mills, Miss Young, Miss Gillespie and Mrs. Stuart. Miss McGivern's bouquet, composed of maiden-hair ferns, backed by a wall of ostrich plumes, was very much admired. A gentleman present declared that the belle of the ball was too numerous to count, which, I think, was very prettily said.

Amongst the gentlemen present were Messieurs E. Martin, Q.C., P.M. Bankler, James Hendrie, Will Hendrie, jr., John Crerar, P. D. Crerar, Tom Stinson, A. Harvie, A. McGivern, G. G. S. Lindsey, T. C. Saunders, C. N. Shanly, R. B. Ferrie, Reggie Kennedy, A. H. Gillespie, Colonel Campbell of Kingston. The grounds were prettily illuminated by Japanese lanterns, and presented a most charming appearance.

Before the party broke up its members enjoyed a couple of songs by Mrs. McKelkan, rendered in her usual pleasing manner. After the departure of the ladies, the gentlemen adjourned to the smoke room, where "Baby" Johnston sang Kilmainham Jail, and Ballyhooly was rendered by that illustrious Milesian, Mr. Tobin, to the huge delight of his masculine audience.

The team was dined at the Hamilton Club on Tuesday night, and left early on Wednesday morning for the Falls and Buffalo, leaving the latter place at 8.30 p. m. for Pittsburg, Pa.

For the information of several of my fair readers who, I know, are *deeply interested* in the immediate future of the Irishmen, it is only necessary to say that the latter play in Pittsburg, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia and New York before returning at the end of this month to Ireland. *Vale* the Irish team.

Sir Wilford and Lady Brett of London, Eng., who are making a tour through Canada, were in town this week, and on Monday were the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at a dinner party at Chestnut Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie and family have returned after an absence of more than a year in England and Simcoe street knows them once more. Mr. Mackenzie declares himself quite well, though he still shows traces of the severe illness from which his recovery at one time seemed doubtful.

Mr. Allan Cassels has arrived in town from his summer quarters at Gaspe on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mrs. Cassels is at present staying in Montreal, but will return ere long.

I was struck by a heading in the Toronto *World* of Wednesday last. "The Irishmen receive their first defeat at Hamilton—The Hamilton men win in the first innings by twenty-nine runs," or words to that effect. Now surely the editor of the sporting columns of a newspaper should know enough about cricket to be aware that a two days' match, if all four innings are not played out, is a drawn match, and that only in the event of a one-day's match being unfinished, is victory decided by the first innings.

Mr. John Hoskins, Q. C, and Mrs. Hoskins have issued cards for a garden party at their pretty place in Rosedale, on Saturday next.

After residing in England for more than a year Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon have returned to their beautiful house at the head of Homewood avenue.

With medium success as regards the quality of the play, but with uniformly great success as regards the number of spectators, the annual tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club has been proceeding during the week. In all probability before this paper is in the hands of the public the final ties will have been played, and the championship of Canada for the year 1888 will have been won. At the time of writing Mr. Torrance of Brockville, Mr. Wood of London, Ont., and Mr. Davis of Montreal are still unbeaten, while the first two are strong favorites. The winner will be called upon to play Mr. Hyman of London, Ont., the present holder of the championship, and the match will take place next week. Never did the beautiful turf of the T. L. T. C.'s Front street ground look better than at the beginning of the tournament last Tuesday. It played as well as it looked, and the well-known billiard-table comparison was on everybody's lips. The weather for the first two days was not as good as might have been desired, for on Tuesday, before five o'clock, the clouds, which had long been threatening, began to discharge themselves, and though the rain was never copious enough to stop the play, yet it was sufficient to make the grass slippery, the balls sodden and heavy, and to drive away many of the fair spectators. On Wednesday the weather was fine, but so cold as to cause nearly all the onlookers to abandon their usual seats by the western wall, and to take possession of chairs, where the sun's rays could warm them.

Mr. Yarker has shown such constantly improving form this year that his somewhat easy defeat by Mr. Davis of Montreal was a disappointment. Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, for some years *facile princeps* among tennis players in Toronto, is not yet sufficiently strong to play a single game, but in the double with Mr. Kirkpatrick as his partner, in spite of being entirely out of practice, has shown much of his old form, and on Wednesday defeated Messrs. Hayes and Hollyer in the second ties. What promised to be a good match was that on Wednesday between Messrs. Torrance and Mackenzie of Cornwall and Messrs. Davis and Wood. Each side won a sett, but in the final Mr. Mackenzie completely collapsed, and the latter pair, who were certainly non-favorites, won easily.

Amongst many spectators by whom the grounds were graced on the first two days were Lady Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Rideout, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. English, Mrs. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, Miss Small. Mr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Macklem, the Misses Shanly, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Miss Parsons, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Allan Cassels, Miss Bessie Jones, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. McEwing of Port Arthur, Mrs. Wragge, Miss Wragge, the Misses Green, Mr. Allen, Mrs. Baines, while Messrs. English and Greer, Harry Gamble and Gamble Geddes, amongst others, performed the duties of scorers and umpires as gracefully as they always do. Mr. Hayes did not allow his share in the play—and no small share it was—to interfere with his surveillance of things in general, and in his capacity as hon. secretary of the club took care, as always, that everything went right, and assured the success of the tournament as a whole.

Messrs. Fox and Cassimer Dickson, two of the best players in the club, were unaccountably absent from the meeting, and Mr. Helmuth, who usually plays so prominent a part in the tournament, was unable to play owing to an injury to his foot.

I don't know what steps the committee took to secure the presence of prominent players from the United States, or whether they did less this year than in former years, but I cannot recall any previous tournament in which not one single tennis giant from across the line took part. More than once there have been as many as half a dozen such, and their play has always been a great attraction. It is, of course, possible that the increase in the number of their own tournaments makes it more difficult to induce them to come as far as Toronto, but the prizes here are of the best, and proper notice and encouragement should attract some at any rate.

Personal.

Mr. Larry Cassels of the Dominion Bank is enjoying his vacation.

Mr. Paul Campbell and family have gone this week to the Atlantic coast.

Miss Etta Smith (Miss Ettelia Auclaire) is visiting the city for a few weeks.

Colonel Tisdale, M.P., of Simcoe, was in town during the commencement of the week.

Mr. W. G. Mitchell of the Dominion Bank is spending his holidays at Buffalo and Oshawa.

Miss Allie McKeough of Chatham is visiting the Misses Gooderham of Sherbourne street.

Mr. George W. Beardmore is in town after a few weeks' wandering in British Columbia.

Mr. Bogert of the Dominion Bank has returned to town with a decided Mackinaw accent.

Mr. James A. Mulligan, who has been ailing for some time, has recovered sufficiently to resume his professional work.

Dr. Wild of the Bond Street Church left town on Monday last for a few days' vacation in Muskoka. His pulpit, however, will be filled by Dr. Wild, himself, to-morrow.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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My Mysterious Wooing.

On arriving at my chambers on the evening before the appointed visit to the Beeches, I found an important communication awaiting me. It was absolutely necessary that I should start immediately for Cologne, where our firm had an agency. It was impossible to neglect the wish of my partner that I should undertake the business personally. I was an elderly man in bad health; and I had no excuse to offer for remaining in London, so I went.

Before leaving London I wrote to Estelle. I told her how unhappy I was at being forced to break my appointment, and begged her not to think of me unkindly. I vowed that, if my life were spared, I would come back within a month, and asked her if she would see me then and listen to what I had to tell. I told her that the happiness of my life depended upon her answer, and signed myself, "Ever yours, Edgar Deane." I posted the letter myself, and a few hours later was on my way to Cologne.

A fortnight slipped by. I was sitting in the verandah of a hotel in a little German village, sipping my coffee and amusing myself as well as I could by watching the happy groups around me. The Rhine flowed swiftly at a little distance, the garden was gay with flowers, and a band was playing not very far away.

By-and-by there was the sound of rolling wheels and cracking whips—somebody was either going or coming. I turned my head leisurely, just in time to see an elegant carriage containing two ladies drive from the door. The one nearest to me was a stately middle-aged woman, whose hair was raised high above her forehead; she was magnificently dressed—her laces and ribbons rustled as she passed. She looked so handsome that I was curious to see what her daughter was like, feeling sure that the young lady in the cream-colored drapery on the other side of the carriage must be her daughter.

A young and good-looking man stood waving his hat close by. The elder lady bowed and smiled; but I saw that his eyes were fixed upon her companion. As the carriage rolled off the young lady detached a crimson rose from a bouquet of choice blossoms which she held in her lap and tossed it into the road. The young man picked it up, raised it to his lips, then placed it in the buttonhole of his coat. A peal of silvery laughter came from the young lady's lips as she waved her hand and cried "*Au revoir!*"

It vexed me that this woman should use the same words that Estelle had uttered at our last meeting; as for the young man, I told myself that he was an affected dandy.

Feeling dissatisfied with my seat in the verandah, I strolled up and down the garden; but the rushing waters of the Rhine disturbed me. Here was I in a foreign land without any news of my beloved. Nay, worse than that—she had received no tidings from me since the day we parted. That very afternoon, amongst a bundle of business papers forwarded from London, I had found my own letter, which had been returned by the Post Office, marked "Unknown." She would think me fickle and untrue to my word, yet why had she gone away without writing to me!

I lighted a cigar and walked out on to the high road; but even that failed to bring me solace. Had I been free to act as I pleased, instead of going to Cologne the next day to keep my business appointment, I should have set forth homeward in search of Estelle.

In a short time my wanderings brought me into the open country, vine-covered hills, neat gardens and smiling hamlets forming a charming scene. All at once the stillness was broken by a shout, a cry for help, and the next moment a carriage came thundering towards me. The horses, mad with terror, their flanks white with foam, were coming at full gallop down the hill-side. The coachman—a mere boy—had lost all control over them, and the carriage was swaying violently from side to side. I recognized the occupants immediately—they were the two ladies whom I had seen driving away from the hotel an hour before.

The elder lady stood up in the carriage wringing her hands in despair; the daughter, with more presence of mind, had seized her dress and was evidently trying to dissuade her from flinging herself out of the vehicle. I saw the cloud of cream-colored muslin, the red roses at the girl's breast, and her beautiful pale face, which I recognized at once with a thrill of mingled agony and delight. Had I found her only to lose her again? Heaven forbid!

As if in a dream, I rushed forward, and seized the nearest bridle. Fortunately the horses' strength was well-nigh spent, and with a mighty effort I succeeded in bringing them to a stand-still.

The coachman jumped down from the box and poured forth a flood of eloquence in a *patois* that I did not understand. I took no heed of him, but rushed to the carriage door. The girl lay insensible against the cushions, and the elder lady was chafing her hands and pouring eau de-Cologne upon her forehead.

"My child," she cried—"my dear child, look up—speak to me! Sir," she continued, turning to me, "for Heaven's sake, assist my daughter!"

There was a spring close by, at which I filled my traveling-cup, and I brought the cool water swiftly to the side of the carriage.

But even as we raised the girl's head and made her drink the water; and gradually the color came back to her lips and her senses returned.

She sat up in the carriage, opened her eyes, and looked at me; and as she did so I shuddered, strong man as I was. I had been deceived a second time on this occasion; broad daylight, under an open sky. It was the same delicate face, the same sweet voice; but the eyes were different—it was not Estelle!

That evening a servant brought me a note written on highly-scented, delicately-tinted paper, bearing a crest stamped in gold. On the envelope was written, "From the Baroness de la Manche."

I read—

"Will the kind Englishman, Mr. Deane, who so heroically befriended two ladies in their need, call and allow them to express their heartfelt thanks? By doing so he will give pleasure to his ever-grateful

"Françoise de la Manche."

It was nearly dusk as I proceeded to obey this behest. Most of the hotel guests were either in the *salon* or the garden; and on the way to the Baroness' apartment I met no one whom I knew.

I was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, but had not long to wait, for in a few moments a curtain was raised at the farther end of the room and my hostess appeared.

"Sir," she said, in fairly good English, "you are a hundred times welcome. How can I find words to thank you for your courage and presence of mind!"

I really did not know how to respond to this speech; but fortunately it was not necessary for me to say much, for the Baroness de la Manche had a ready flow of conversation. She poured forth an account of her fears for herself, for her niece, for her son, told me of her horror of accidents, expressed her thanks and her gratitude to me; and it was some minutes before I was able to inquire after the young lady.

I was anxious to see the dark-haired girl again, to find, if I could, some clue to the mystery which involved Estelle. It did not seem to me probable that the Baroness, for all her civility, would be the person to answer a straightforward question.

"My niece Marie is unfortunately prevented from seeing you this evening, much as she wished to do so. She is lying down and quite unable to tell you how deeply gratified she is. She——"

"Aunt Francoise!" interrupted a faint voice from the next room.

"Ah," exclaimed the Baroness, rising in haste, "the naughty child will be heard! Excuse me, Mr. Deane."

She drew aside the curtains, and I caught a glimpse of a figure in white reclining in an arm-chair.

"Tell him to come here!" said the sweet, young voice. "I want to thank him now, myself."

The Baroness beckoned to me, and I stepped into the little boudoir, and beheld the lady I was about Marie had clasped my hand in hers, and was gazing up into my face, her hair disordered, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"My dear child!" remonstrated the Baroness.

"I must speak to him!" insisted the invalid. "Mr. Deane, you have saved our lives! I thank you with all my heart. Ah"—with a little nervous start—"I have seen you before! I never forget a face. Where and when have we met?"

I stammered out the first excuse that I could think of. I said that I had not to my knowledge had the honor of meeting her before that day; nevertheless she bore so strong a resemblance to a dear friend of mine that——

Here I stopped suddenly, for Marie put her finger to her lips and glanced across the room in the direction of her aunt, who indeed looked strangely disturbed. The Baroness took up the thread of the conversation, and presently spoke so persistently of her niece's weak condition that I was obliged to take my leave.

"Listen," said Marie, in a whisper—as I bent over her hand I could not but notice that she wore Estelle's curious gold ring—"I know now that I have seen you once before—in London, on the Metropolitan Railway. And"—her face flushed crimson—"do you ever visit the Piccadilly Theater, Mr. Deane?"

"What do you know of London and London theaters, my child?" inquired the Baroness anxiously.

"I was there this spring, dear aunt."

"Ah" said the elder lady, "you had much opportunity of indulging in your taste for gaiety! It was my duty, Mr. Deane, a visit of condolence to a suffering relative. The dear girl has such spirit and such a good heart!"

At this Estelle looked at me and laughed, and I took my departure.

On my return to my room, I lighted a pipe and threw myself into an armchair by the open window. I now felt convinced of one fact connected with the young girl whom I had just quitted—I had not been altogether mistaken. I had seen her, the adopted daughter of so fashionable a lady as Madame the Baroness de la Manche, on the boards of the Piccadilly Theater.

Urgent business matters took me to Cologne and kept me there, sadly against my will, for the next three days.

Bad news greeted me on my return; all the guests in the hotel were discussing one subject—the illness of the charming young lady who had lately met with a dangerous accident. Alas, it was but too true! I called on the Baroness, who told me that her niece had been threatened with an attack of brain-fever. The doctor had summoned an eniment colleague from Berlin; and, though now out of immediate danger, she was still very ill and unable to leave her bed. This intelligence caused me the deepest pain, for not only did I grieve over the fair girl's illness, but I was filled with regret that I could not learn from her lips in what way she was connected with my Estelle.

In my perplexity I determined to obtain what information I could from the Baroness; but I might have saved myself the trouble.

"The dear child did indeed pay a short visit to London this year," she admitted; "but it is most unlikely you could have met her there, Mr. Deane, as she did not go into society."

"And mademoiselle's relatives whom you mentioned?" I inquired.

The Baroness put her handkerchief to her eyes. True, there were relatives, but Marie had seen little or nothing of them since her childhood. And now would I accept her heartfelt thanks for my kind sympathy, and would I call again whenever it was convenient?

I withdrew, feeling certain that, despite her cordiality, the good lady was deceiving me. What was I to do next? I fairly ground my teeth as I reflected how powerless I was in the hands of Madame the Baroness.

The apartments which I had just quitted consisted of seven rooms in the west wing of the hotel, a small staircase communicating with other rooms on the floor above. As I was walking along the corridor, a young lady came out of a door and ran up the little staircase in front of me. She wore a broad hat, which shaded her face completely; and a chill passed upon me as I saw at once that she bore the strongest resemblance to the sick girl.

A broad-faced servant was busily engaged in sweeping. I addressed her in my best German.

"Who is that lady?"

"The niece of Madame the Baroness," was the prompt reply.

"Is you sure?"

"Why, yes," declared the girl, as she pocketed the piece of silver that I offered her; "the lady's maid has told me so for a fact."

"Gretchen," called a shrill voice from upstairs, "what are you chattering about? Come!"

And Gretchen dropped her broom and fled.

That evening I was walking up and down a quiet path by the river, indulging in the consolation of a smoke. I thought that she must be about to apologise, when I suddenly discovered that I stood face to face with the invalid.

At sight of me she started and drew back.

"Mademoiselle," I said reproachfully, "I was told—doubtless with your consent—that you were very ill, otherwise I should have entreated to be allowed to see you, if only for a few moments. In return for the small service that I was able to render you the other day, will you answer me one question? It is of the utmost importance to me, or I would not ask such a favor. There is no time to be lost, for I am going back to London at the end of the week."

"Not now," interrupted my companion, hastily, laying her finger up in my arm—"another time—not now! Look, look—there is my aunt, and she must not find me here!"

In the gloom I perceived the majestic figure of the baroness coming along the path.

"Go towards her—I can escape through the bushes. Say nothing about me, and don't go to London."

Like a ghost the young girl slipped into the shadow of the summer-house and disappeared noiselessly behind a sweet-briar hedge, while I walked down the path in the direction of the baroness, who greeted me with her usual civility.

"Good evening, Mr. Deane. I have come out to enjoy the air after the fatigue of the day."

"May I be permitted," I asked, somewhat maliciously, "to inquire after the health of Mademoiselle de la Manche?"

"Ah!" sighed—the doctor gives a more encouraging account this evening; but he does not permit her to leave her room." The stately lady raised her eyes to mine, and uttered these words with every appearance of truthfulness. "I shall continue my way in the direction of the summer-house. It is, I think, unoccupied?"

"I fear you will find no one to disturb you."

She smiled and moved away slowly, waving her large fan as she went.

In the passage of the hotel, to which I now returned, I was accosted by Gretchen.

"A note for the Englishman," said the girl. "I hurriedly tore open the envelope, and found a few lines scribbled faintly in pencil.

"You have done so much for us already that I venture to ask another favor. Meet me to-morrow morning at the summer house at eight o'clock. I will tell you all you wish to know. Why do you not trust me. Yours,

"Marie Estelle."

Long before the appointed hour I was waiting in the summer house. I had now, after a sleepless night, decided upon a plan of action. The business which had called me to Cologne was all but completed; in a few days I should be free to go whither I chose. If Mademoiselle de la Manche was willing to help me in my search for Estelle—and I was convinced that it was in her power to so—well and good; if not, I would return to London and make inquiries at the Beeches. If Estelle were alive, I would find her and learn from her own lips what my fate was to be.

The hotel clock struck eight, but the invalid had not kept her appointment. Much vexed, I paced up and down the narrow path that led to the summer-house; then I made a wider circuit and returned on the other side.

A shudder passed as I entered; she was there at last, standing with her back to the doorway. She had covered her head with a lace shawl, through which the graceful turn of her neck and the curls of her dark hair were distinctly visible. She did not look up or appear to take any notice of my presence.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I have obeyed your instructions—I am here."

"I am deeply indebted to you for this and for many another kindness," she replied, speaking so softly that I was afraid she was really ill and had acted imprudently in coming out so early. "Mr. Deane, I am prepared to answer any question you may wish to ask me."

"I hope that my question will be a very easy one for you to answer, mademoiselle. Will you give me the address of Miss Estelle Bertrand?"

There was silence in the summer-house for a few minutes, and then she moved a step nearer to me.

"I appeal to your generosity," she said, a little anxiously, "to tell me why you wish for this address."

"Since you so far interest yourself in a stranger, mademoiselle," I replied, "I will tell you. I was so unfortunate as to be called away from London just as I was about to ask Miss Bertrand to honor me by becoming my wife."

She clasped her hands together with a soft musical laugh that was most irritating to a man who was desperately in earnest.

"I fail to understand what I have said to cause you so much amusement. The matter is one of the gravest importance to me. If you know where Miss Bertrand is to be found, I beg of you to tell me. If you do not choose to enlighten me on the subject, I shall find some other means of obtaining the information I require, as I return to London immediately."

"But," she said, in a tone of dismay, "you will come back again?"

"No," I replied, frigidly; "that is too much to ask of me. I am not at all likely to return to Germany."

Again there was an awkward pause, during which I felt rather uncomfortable. This girl exercised a strange fascination over me, for her voice and her manner were very familiar to me. But she had come prepared to do a kindness. Whose fault was it that so far we had only quarrelled, or that I was about to leave her in high displeasure?

"Won't you say good-bye to me before you go?" she said at last.

"Won't you first tell me what I am longing to hear?" I persisted.

She moved her head in assent, and her low musical tones fell distinctly upon my ears.

"Estelle—Estelle Marie Bertrand never received any tidings from you after the day you called at the Beeches. She could not write to you because——"

"Why not?" I asked, my heart beating wildly as I approached her.

"She did not know where you lived. She and her mother left their lodgings quite unexpectedly, and took rooms in a distant suburb. Her mother is there still."

"And Estelle?" I gasped.

"She was summoned to nurse her only and beloved sister. The sister, thank Heaven, is better—much better!"

"And Estelle?" I repeated. It was all that I could say; but now I had both her trembling hands in mine, and was wondering how I could have been so blind.

She looked up into my face, the lace veil falling about her shoulders, and I saw the dark curls and fair complexion of Marie de la Manche; but the tender eyes filled with tears, the lips quivering with emotion, the blush that crimsoned her cheeks, told me that it was Estelle whom I clasped to my heart—Estelle, my own!

The mystery, when once explained, was very simple. Marie Estelle and my beloved were twin sisters. Marie had been adopted some years before by her aunt, a widow with a fortune. Estelle had preferred to remain with her mother, working for her and patiently accepting a life of toil. Much against the baroness' will, Marie occasionally insisted upon breaking away from her luxurious home and staying with her mother and sister. The last visit had been paid after a temporary quarrel with her aunt Francoise. On arriving in London she had for a few days undertaken the charge of Estelle's pupils; but, finding this occupation insufferably tedious, she had declared her intention of becoming an actress. For one short week she had appeared at the Piccadilly Theater, only to discover that she had again mistaken her vocation; and it had happened that I had been present on the last night of her engagement. After this Marie had discarded all idea of working for her daily bread, and returned to the Baroness, who greeted her with the warmest affection. The one great horror of her aunt's life was that Marie's short experience in London might be discovered, so that it was natural that she refused to answer my straightforward questions.

My darling had one question to ask me on that morning in the summer-house by the fast-flowing Rhine, and she whispered it with downcast eyes and dimpling cheeks—

"Are you quite sure, Edgar, that you will never come back?"

I answered her by enfolding her in my arms and kissing her sweet warm lips.

I gave the little embroidered handkerchief to my wife on her wedding morning. She kept it locked up in the innermost recesses of her cabinet, with sprigs of sweet-briar laid between the folds.

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto, and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Commercial vs. Tourist.

Scene, dinner table of commercial-room in hotel. As the commercial travelers' benevolent box is produced and the pennies are collected, a languid tourist inquires, "Ah, what do the commercials do with this money? Drink it, I presume?" Suppressed titter on the part of some, and speechless indignation on that of other commercial travelers. Stalwart traveler, to tourist—

"Oh, no, sir, the money doesn't go in drink! It is for the fund for widows and orphans of deceased commercials. However, they don't always get it."

Tourist—No! How's that?

Stalwart traveler, looking into the eyes of the languid one—Tourists sometimes steal the boxes!"

Tender Memories.

Colonel—I am next on the list of promotion to the rank of general, still my memory often lingers in fond regret on the time when I was a simple lieutenant; do you remember, Fraulein, my making love to you at the time?

Lady (single but mature)—You are mistaken, Colonel, it must have been my mamma.

A Double Surprise.

Ignorance is bliss.

Begorra, what's that!

It's a cold day when Mrs. Murphy gets left.

The Tables Turned.

Boarding-house Mistress—Well, if you'll agree to make yourself handy, and do all the chores around the house, I'll pay you five dollars a week.

O'Rourke—Foive dollars a wake—very well, mum. And as we now do be strangers, I suppose yez will folly the reg'lar boardin'-house rules, and pay in advance!

Self-Betrayed.

"Will you give me a call this afternoon? I shall expect to see you at my house at four o'clock." So saying, Herr Krapenfeld, the principal of a business firm, walked out of the office, leaving his young bookkeeper, Herr Hartmann, in a state of unaccountable trepidation. What could it all mean? A polite dismissal? It could not be that, for he had always been most attentive to his duties, and his principal had frequently expressed his satisfaction with the way he did his work. Perhaps an advance in his salary? He had not been long enough at his post for that.

At four, to the minute, Hartmann presented himself at the house of the merchant, and if anything had been calculated to increase his embarrassment, it was the sight of the charming young lady who met him at the door, and positively blushed as he stepped in. He bowed stiffly, and returned her salutation in faltering tones. They knew each other, though they had never spoken before that day. He had often watched her as she flitted through the office to call for her father, and walk out to dinner. With palpitating heart he entered the drawing-room where Herr Krapenfeld seized him cordially by the hand, and bade him be seated. "You are in love with my daughter!" the principal began.

Herr Hartmann felt ready to drop on the floor. Whoever could have put that notion into his principal's head? What could he know of certain feelings that he alone . . . "Why don't you answer, Herr Hartmann? Out with it. You love my daughter—is it so, or not?"

"I confess that such is the case; but I never breathed a word of it to anyone," said Hartmann, with a trembling voice.

"Yes, you have! Try to recollect!"

Hartmann could only repeat his denial.

"Then allow me to refresh your memory," said Herr Krapenfeld, as he drew a document from his pocket and read as follows: "My dear parents—The confession I am about to make will give you pain, and yet I cannot withhold it from those whom I cherish most upon this earth. To be brief: I am in love, and the object of my glowing affection is a maiden as lovely as a seraph. I love Hermine, the daughter of my principal, and have not spoken to her though I see her nearly every day. I despair when I reflect how hopeless my case is, how . . ."

Herr Krapenfeld paused to look at the young man who sat wiping the perspiration from his forehead and gazing around like one who has just awoke out of a dream.

"It is unnecessary for me to read any farther, as you know the letter well enough," said the principal.

"Certainly, I wrote it," Hartmann replied, "but pardon my surprise at its contents having found their way into your hands, as I took the letter to post myself."

"Never mind about that," said Herr Krapenfeld, tapping the young man familiarly on the shoulder. "I gather from what you have written that you are seriously in love with my daughter, that is enough for me. Hermine appears to have taken a liking to you, and you have a good chance. You may communicate this fact to your parents, but don't be in so great a flurry this time, for fear lest you should repeat the mistake of entering the letter in the press copy-book of the firm!"

Love all Gone.

Bride—There, I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month, and already you have ceased to care for me.

Young Husband—Why, my love, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.

"It isn't so; I know it isn't. You took meals at our house lots before we were married, and you scarcely touched anything. Ma said she knew you were truly in love because you had no appetite."

"Of course, dear, but——"

"And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast."

A Call to Arms.

The following stirring appeal graces the pages of a daily contemporary: "Fellow-citizens, ought you to remain indifferent when a country woman, young, beautiful, well-educated, artistic, musical—in short, a creature endowed with everything calculated to inspire a man with love, and to make him happy—should be compelled to have recourse to the newspapers in order to procure a husband? Up, and be doing! Your motto be henceforth: Forward! numbers or death! Don't be afraid! Since the world stood, faint heart never won fair lady!"

Apropos.

"You shouldn't read lying down, my daughter. You know how weak your eyes are.

"Oh, yes, mamma. Just let me finish this article.

"What is it about?"

"Care of the eyes."

Necessarily Single.

In New York.

"Did you see many tandems while you were in Boston, Chawles?"

"Not many, Gus. They mostly ride hobbies there you know."

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

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When visiting the Industrial Exhibition, do not fail to see the exhibition of

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LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

Trapped by Telegraph.

There have been a great many stories about attacks on lonely stations in the West. Here is another, which is perhaps one of the best on this well-worn subject.

While in a small town in Wyoming Territory I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me the story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome lady of about thirty, and in response to my earnest request for this one chapter of her life she related the following:

"In 1873, when but a girl of eighteen, I left my home in Omaha and came out to fill the honourable position of night operator at a small station on the Pacific Railway, in this territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot, in the midst of a desert. The only buildings at the station, aside from the depot, were a section house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers, a water tank, and a coal shed. The day operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section house, 200 yards distant, so that during the long dreary nights I was alone in the depot.

"No. 4 express train, bound east, was due at 2.15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signalled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night, you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert wild. I had my books and guitar for companions, and passed much of the time reading, and when the doleful howlings of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sand hills, I would pick up my guitar and endeavor to drown their cries with music and song.

"The superintendent of the division, a buoyant, light spirited young gentleman, came over the road at frequent intervals, and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the very brink of despair, almost on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home and the mother who depended on my salary for the necessaries of life; but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom, and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection, in my case so kind and tender, and so solicitous for my welfare and comfort.

"One night shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a late novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was but a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows, and resumed my book. A few moments later I heard a low knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low, yet so startlingly clear in the stillness of the night, caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch.

"My first thought was of Indians, and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affright, the knock was repeated louder than before, and mustering all my courage I approached the other door and asked:

"'Who's there?'

"A gruff voice replied:

"'A traveler who desires to take the east bound train.'

"It was my plain and unmistakable duty to admit him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt.

"Instantly the door was pushed violently open, and I sprang back to the table and sank into my chair in terror, when seven burly men, wearing cloth masks on their faces and armed to the teeth, entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and, pointing a large revolver at my head, said in a low, firm voice:

"'Gal, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move, or scream, or give any alarm, so that any o' the men in the section-house kin hear you, I'll spile the looks o' that purty face with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself and yer shan't be hurt. What's yer red signal lamp?'

"'What would you do?' I gasped.

"'None o' your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk nor no impertinent questions. What's the red lamp.'

"A chill of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the hands of a band of desperate train robbers, whose evident intention was to signal the train, and rob the express car at my station. What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section men, and I knew by the ugly gleam in the leader's eyes, through the holes in his mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me. I knew they could find the lamp easily by searching for it, and in a trembling voice I told him it was hanging just inside the door of the freight-room. One of the men got it, and after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough band took seats to await the incoming of the train.

"The leader lit a pipe, and, looking at me steadily for a few moments, said:

"'Young gal, when that ar train toots her whistle, we've got some work for you. An official duty, as you might call it. You must get out thar on the platform an' signal the train to stop an' take on some first-class passengers. An' lookee here, if you make a suspicious move, or don't swing the red lamp in the proper way, we'll just ventilate that graceful body with bullets an' jump on our horses an' git. Do you understand?'

"A desperate resolve had been taking shape in my bewildered brain. I replied that I fully understood him, and with a piteous cry, 'Oh, you will make a murderer of me!' I threw my arms and head down upon the table and began to cry and sob as if my heart was breaking. Had he seen my face he might have noticed a total absence of tears. I was crying for a purpose.

"When my arms dropped upon the table I allowed my hand to fall upon the armature of the telegraph instrument, so that I could hold it to prevent it from ticking, while my right hand rested upon the key. Sobbing, so that any slight clicking the key might make would not reach the robbers, I opened it and slowly made the telegraphic characters:

— — — — — — — — — —
— — — H — E — L — P — —

"These I repeated several times, hoping they might reach the ears of some operator on the line. I slowly and distinctly wrote these words, still sobbing violently:

"'Who—hears—this—for—heaven's—sake—report—to—train—despatcher—at—Laramie—quick—that—I—am—in—the—hands—of—seven—robbers—who—will—compel—me—to—flag—No.—4.—Send—help—quick.'

"Then I signed name and office call.

"I released the armature, and the instrument clicked out:

"'Brace—up—little—girl—I—hear—you.—H.'

"'H' was the train despatcher's call. With a fierce shout the leader sprang forward and rudely snatched me away from the table, and asked:

"'Gal, what's that?'

"'Only a distant office asking for orders for a freight train,' I responded.

"'None o' yer lyin', you little imp,' he roared. 'Yer up to some trick!'

"'No,' I replied, 'I am not. If I was doing that my fingers would be on the instrument. Don't you see I am not touching it, and yet it works. It is only an order to a freight train away down at Medicine Bow.'

"'Keep away from that table,' he said, savagely. 'An' if I ketch you at any tricks, I'll choke the life out o' you.'

"Oh, how eagerly my ears drank in every word the instrument clicked out! I heard a telegram to the sheriff at Green River, twenty miles west, asking him to arm a posse of men at once and get on board a special train which would be ready for him. Then another to the young superintendent, who was at Green River, telling how my slowly-written words had been heard by the despatcher, and asking him to supervise the preparations to fly to my relief. Then a third despatch to the master mechanic, instructing him to fire up his fastest passenger engine and couple on to a carriage and await the superintendent's orders. My heart beat so violently that it almost took my breath away. It seemed an age ere I heard the Green River operator call the despatcher and say:

"'The superintendent, with sheriff and twenty armed men are aboard, and train ready for orders.'

"The order came flying. It told the engineer he had a clear track and to run at his very highest speed to within a half mile of my station, and with his party to alight. Then came the welcome report from the Green River office:

"'Special east departed 1.15.'

'Oh, how my poor heart beat, and how my every nerve tingled with excitement. 1.15. I mentally figured that the train on such a desperate errand should make nearly a mile a minute and reach the stopping point at 1.30.

"The robber chief gave his men their instructions. I was to be sent out alone to signal the train, and when it halted the band would make a rush and board it.

"'Bill, you jump on the engine as soon as she stops, and hold the engineer and fireman under your gun. Jack, you pile into the mail car an' make the clerk give up his registered letters, an' Yank an' Aleck 'll work the express car, while Tom an' Shorty hold the conductor and brakeman back. Do yer work quick an' bold, an' don't be afeared to burn powder if necessary. Thar's a big haul on that train, an' we've got to have it.'

"How eagerly I watched the clock, and how slowly, how very, very slowly the hands seemed to move. One twenty-one, one twenty-five, and one thirty were ticked off. One thirty-five! Would they never come?

"The men sat on the bench along the west side of the room, facing along the two windows on the east. I tried to figure how long it would require for the men to walk to the depot from the stopping-place. Perhaps even then they were surrounding the station, and I might hear a knock at the door any instant. Would there be a fight? Oh, horrible thought! In a few moments I might see men shot down before my face, and I might myself be killed. I almost fainted with fright. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I grasped the chair or I would have fallen to the floor. Suddenly I thrust some a fearful crash of glass, and the black muzzles of a perfect cloud of rifles were thrust through the windows and pointed directly at the robbers. Then a voice cried out:

"'Men, throw up your hands. I am the sheriff, and in the name of the law demand your surrender. Make but a move, and I'll order my men to fire!'

"Yer little cat!' hissed the leader, glaring at me savagely as the band suddenly held aloft their hands. Then the sheriff and three men entered and disarmed and handcuffed the robbers, and I saw the superintendent looking at me and heard him say, 'What a debt I owe you, my brave girl,' and then I fell fainting into his arms.

"When I regained consciousness I was lying in my bed in my room at Green River, with several ladies round me, and was told that seven days had elapsed since the capture of the robbers. I was suffering from brain fever, brought on by the terrible strain I had passed through, and had been unconscious for that long period. For many days thereafter I hovered on the borders between life and death, and the superintendent was at my bedside several times every day to encourage me up with words of encouragement and doing all in his power to alleviate my suffering.

"I finally recovered, and when called into court to testify against the desperate gang, I will never forget their fierce glances toward me as I told how I had entrapped them, or how, in spite of the judge and officers to suppress it, the crowd cheered me as I left the stand. The men were sent for long terms to an eastern prison, and I have never heard of them since."

"And did the company reward you for saving the train?" I asked.

"Well, only slightly. Corporations have no souls, you know. But I revenged myself on the superintendent, in a manner."

"In what way?"

"I married him," she replied, with a cunning smile.

A Pleasant Way of Doing Things.

Bishop Wilberforce was finishing up a hard day's work of preaching and confirming, by taking refreshments at a pleasant country house, surrounded by numerous guests, when he happened to catch sight of a young lady, cheaply but very gracefully dressed, seated at the furthest end of the room. He asked who she was, and, on being told that she was the wife of a poor curate in the neighborhood, he made his way to her as soon as he entered the drawing-room, and drew her into conversation.

"What do you do to help your husband?"

"I teach in the schools, my lord."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I help him to look after the sick and destitute."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I get up his linen and iron his neckties."

Wilberforce said nothing at the time, but he made special inquiries as to both the parson and his wife, and a week or two after a letter arrived from him addressed to the lady:

"My Dear Mrs. X.—The living of Z. is vacant, and from what I hear of you and your good husband, I think it is just the place for you. Will you ask him to do me the favor to accept it, and tell him from me he is indebted to you for it. Yours faithfully, S. O."

Arry-ism.

1.—Apropos of holidays 'owling 'Arry writes: "I say, Mr. Eddeter, I find I've bin a-makin' a mistake all these years! O' course a feller's notion of 'aving a 'oliday is to make a row a-shoutin', ain't it? Worry well. For a week before every bank 'oliday I've practised shoutin' loud in my little room, so as to startle quiet folks out o' doors wen the day come."

2.—"But, bless your soul, wen I yrites shoutin' hup the Tems, for instance, blest if my voice don't git regler lost and wasted, cos there's too much room for it."

3.—"And it's for all the world the same at Margit! I've stood on the cliffs, I 'ave, an' shouted myself blak in the face; but blest if I could make even as much row as the seagulls! Were's a feller's enjoyment? Were's the fun? It ain't good ennuff!"

4.—"So, come next 'olliday, Jiggered if I don't stop at 'ome in my little room, and set on the bed, and shout there. It do make a good ole row there, I tell yer. You can 'ear it! There's some satisfaction for yer trubble, don't yer know!"

Awed.

Mrs. Sam Newlyrich, the haughty, purse-proud wife of a Montana millionaire, unbent sufficiently to take a party of Boston tourists out riding in her own landau, drawn by four black horses with red fly-nets and plumes, while the coachman was in scarlet and yellow livery.

Mrs. Newlyrich maintained an attitude of studied dignity, until her John happened to give one of her four black steeds a cut with his whip, when she lapsed into her old air of ease and frankness, and said, smartly:

"Here you, Billy Jackson, you stop lickin' them horses like that, or I'll lick you—blamed if I don't. Excuse me," she said to the awe-struck Bostonians, "but that off hoss cost nine hundred dollars and I don't intend to have him licked for nothing."

Miss Breacher is giving little Mr. Duvey a spin along the ocean drive.

Small but enthusiastic merchant—Loozengers fer der kid, lady!

THE GOLDEN LION

Fall Mantles, Jackets and Wraps

The Largest Stock of these goods that we have ever imported is now on the way, some pioneer packages have already come to hand and the goods now opened will give you a few hints of what you may expect later. It will be sufficient to say that in this fall's selections we have beaten all our previous records.

LADIES' ULSTER WRAPS AND PALETOTS--Some tweeds, some beavers; the first in the newest checks and stripes, the latter in self colors, prices from $6, upward.

LADIES' SHORT WALKING JACKETS--Many of them braided, others trimmed with plush or fur. All are the latest Berlin and Vienna designs, and all are marked at but a slight advance on the cost.

LADIES' SHORT DOLMANETTES--For fall and winter wear; many elegantly braided, some also fur trimmed, as low as $6 each.

LARGE STOCK OF CHILDREN'S MANTLES AND MISSES' PALETOTS--Seal trimmed, plush trimmed, braid trimmed; sizes from two years up.

R. WALKER & SONS, TORONTO AND LONDON

He Was Used to It.

Ferocious stranger (to Texan bartender)—I'm the wolf! There's only one of me and this is my day to howl!

Bartender (calmly but firmly)—Well, I'm the father of triplets, and every day in the week is their day to howl. So you jest howl away; I'm used to it.

The wolf retreated.

Wrongly Sized Up.

Mr. Coakley (to friend)—How readily you can tell an artist. There is something so distinctive always in their appearance.

The Artist (a moment later)—Now gents, I'll bet yer a fiver even yer can't tell which cup th' little joker's under!"

They Had Been Married a Month.

She—Who's is oo?
He—Oor's.
She—For ever, and ever, and ever!
He—Ess, I is.
She—Has oo dot five dollars for oor baby, dear?
He—Thunder! no, Melinda. Think I'm made of money, don't you!

An Easy Way Out of It.

Magistrate—Boggs, what is the charge against you this time?

Boggs—They cotched me a-stealin' oranges, Jedge.

Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?

Boggs—No, Jedge; you said not ter steal any more lemons; but, Jedge, yer didn't say a word 'bout oranges."

An Assistant Editor.

Citizen—I hear you are in the newspaper business, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; I'se er journalis' now. I ha'e write de ed'tor'ls.

Citizen—You do?

Uncle Rastus—Oh, yes; I keeps de flies offen de boss, sah.

The Autocrat of the Kitchen.

Mistress—It seems to me, Bridget, that you're ver. late in getting the breakfast dishes cleaned up.

Bridget—Indade, mum, whin Oi have to wait for you to finish the morning paper before Oi can get it, what else can ye expect.

Closely Resembled Jeames.

Olive—Do you know, Mr. Mashley, that ever since we've met I've been trying to think who it was that I knew who so much resembled you!

Mr. Masher.—Indeed! And who is it, may I ask!

Olive (innocently)—Oh! it is so funny, really; but you're the exact image of a footman papa had to discharge for stealing the spoons!

His Chief Suffering.

Old Gentleman (to tramp)—I suppose, my friend, that in the nomadic life you lead, there are a great many drawbacks!

Tramp (bitterly)—Yes, sir; there are some drawbacks, of course, but I suffer more from "move ons."

Time's Dim Enchantment.

He (to bride)—Put your finger in my tea to sweeten it, darling.

(Ten years later.)

He (to wife)—Mrs. Smith, please gaze in my hot whisky to cool it.

A Right to the Title.

Citizen: Why do you write "Col." before your name, Uncle Rastus; you are not a colonel?

Uncle Rastus: No, sah; de "Col." stan's fo' "cullud."

Cheering Him Up.

Butler (after the Queen's Mate has been rendered four times and repeat)—'Ere's a dollar, an' th' master says would you kindly move hon! 'E's very bill!

Leader Schwanenflugel—Dot vos a sgquare mans, fellers. Ve hjm blay der Det March in Sauls, ond ohf combliments!—*Puck.*

It Didn't Go Off.

Between Buffalo and Attica a pale-faced young man with a cube-root look about him came into the car with a package of blank slips and a pencil and announced:

"Prepare your ballots to vote on the President."

There were ten men in the car. The ten rose up as one. Nine of them turned in chorus to a fat man from Buffalo, and he beckoned the young man forward and asked:

"Are you taking a straw vote?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it on your own account?"

"It is."

"Then pause before it is too late. Here are nine Democrats who 'll break every bone in your body if the vote don't show a big majority for Cleveland. I'm for Harrison, red-hot and boiling over, and if he doesn't come out at least fifteen ahead on this vote, I'll hunt you down and wollop you till you can't groan for three months! Now, sir, go ahead and do your business!"

The young man grew white around the gills, said he didn't mean anything unconstitutional, and went out and rode twenty miles on the platform to restore his presence of mind.

The power of forgiveness is the noblest attribute in the human character.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, SEPT. 8, 1888. [No. 41

The City and the University.

A couple of weeks ago I pointed out the absolute necessity of a city settlement with the university authorities and it is pleasant to find that one has been arrived at so near the one I suggested. The endowment by the city of two chairs in Toronto University, though the annual expense will be six thousand dollars, should not be felt as a burden. The youth of Toronto have greater advantage of the university than those of other cities, because without leaving their homes they can attend the lectures. Generosity should, therefore, not refuse the endowment made so absolutely necessary by the lack of funds which has prevented Toronto University from obtaining facilities equal to Harvard and Yale. In return for this endowment the city is to receive absolute rights in the college avenues, which have heretofore been under the guardianship of the University. Permission is to be given for the opening of a cross-town street between College avenue and Bloor street, and there will be no more annoying disputes concerning right of way and local improvements, as University property will hereafter be assessed the same as any other. At the time of writing the details of the scheme have not been made public, but I presume the city will have the right of designating the professorships which they are to support. This would not be asking too much, and as I have urged the location of the University here as one reason it should receive local local suppport, it strikes me that chairs should be endowed which would be of most advantage to Toronto youth who, for lack of means, would be unable to go elsewhere to receive special instruction. The subjects of most advantage to such youths would be technical, such as engineering, mining, assaying, architecture, designing of all kinds and subjects akin to the mechanical arts. Canada is making every effort to force her manufacturing industries to the front, and Ontario especially is devoting much care to the investigation of her mines; therefore the proper education of Toronto youth might have much to do with developing the vast mineral and manufacturing resources which are now unexplored. The University would not only be consulting the interests of Toronto, but would be acting wisely in regard to the development of the province if the selection of the subjects be left to those interested in industrial education.

Mr. Jolly Dog.

Mr. Jolly Dog is one of the best known members of society, whether of high or low degree. We have all seen him, and we all have known him. His loud, boisterous laughter and companionable ways have won him a hearty reception wherever he goes. His reputation is fairly established, and his native goodness of heart is acknowledged by every one with whom he comes in contact. His career is always a public one, for he is little known in private life, in fact it must be confessed that although a married man Mr. Jolly Dog's home days are very few and far between. He is the first to offer his mite when a subscription is taken up for any laudable object. No one is freer with his cash when treating is the order of the day; and he is the life and soul in the little gatherings at the social club, of which he is one of the most distinguished ornaments. His story-telling powers are acknowledged by many admirers, and the hearty manner in which he chants a rousing stave has won for him the reputation of being a first-class, whole-souled companion. These are one or two of the leading features of his public career. In private life, to the few who are permitted to know him there, Mr. Jolly Dog does not, it must be confessed, loom up in such glowing colors. His latch-key is his *vade-mecum*, and, though the lustre of his morals is somewhat badly tarnished, the former, from constant use, preserves its pristine brightness intact. His wife is known to her immediate neighbors as a poor, frail-looking creature who bears the impress of a secret sorrow on her saddened, care-worn features. His children—for Jolly Dog's quiver is fairly well filled—do not wear that thriving look which one would naturally expect from the offspring of one of his sleek and prosperous appearance. In fact, if the truth must be told, Jolly Dog's hildren, like his wife, pursue a skeldering, hand-to-mouth existence, and their pleasures are few and far between. Jolly Dog is, of course, the soul of generosity, and when amongst his social friends is as free with his cash as he is with his amusing stories. But generosity may be carried too far, and when his patient, timid wife ventures to remind him that Dick's shoes are out at the toes and down at the heels, that little Nellie's cough requires the outlay of a few cents for medicine, Jolly Dog very properly puts his foot down on any such confounded waste. Public calls on his purse he meets with cheerfulness, whether assumed or otherwise, but expenditures on home comforts and home necessities call forth his righteous indignation.

And so it goes on. His public reputation as a good fellow increases, until some fine morning he skips from grace with a pile of borrowed money, leaving behind an aching void which creditors confess is indeed hard to fill, and the kind-hearted clergyman who has anonymously assisted her from his slender resources is called upon one dark morning to administer the consolations of religion to the broken-hearted, dying wife of him who was known to the world as Mr. Jolly Dog.

We have a new arrival among us, Mr. Clarence Lucas, who comes with very fine credentials, having been a student at the Paris Conservatoire. Mr. Lucas will teach privately and at the Toronto College of Music. A number of our musical people who have been summering at Muskoka have returned, among the latest arrivals being Mr. H. Guest Collins and Mr. Percy V. Greenwood. Miss Hillary is still at Old Orchard Beach; Mr. Haslam is at Albany. Mr. Carl Martens arrived home from Germany on Wednesday. Another week will see them all at work, as by that time the schools will have opened and private classes will be in full swing, and the jog-trot round of lessons will start to go on without a break until Christmas.

•

Manager Sheppard offers us a good musical bill for this season. It embraces Duff's celebrated Trip Through Africa Company, in which we shall find some familiar and favorite faces; the Kellogg-Hauk Opera Company, comprising the well-known Clara Louise Kellogg and Minnie Hauk, who will be remembered as having given us a great performance of Carmen some years ago. The New American Opera Company, which, on Tuesday of this week, reached its hundredth consecutive performance since its re-organization, will also be among the visitors. It is now under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs who conducted the performances of the National Opera Company last January. It is playing light English opera, with occasional glimpses of Faust, Lucia and Martha. To these is to be added Rice's Pearl of Pekin Company.

•

Mr. H. Guest Collins last year organized a choral society which performed Farmer's Christ and His Soldiers and Macfarren's May Day most acceptably, and it is now re-organized for the coming season as the St. Cecilia Musical Society, with the following officers: Hon. President, Rev. John Burton; President, Mr. H. N. Baird; Vice-President, Mr. Charles Joselin; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Percy Roberts; Conductor, Mr. H. Guest Collins; Committee, Mr. J. Lister Nichols, Mr. W. Poulett Thompson, Mrs. H. L. Thompson. This new candidate for our musical suffrages will perform Mendelssohn's Athalie and Spohr's Hymn to St. Cecilia, both performances being with orchestra.

•

The University College Glee Club will enter upon a season of useful and entertaining work, under Mr. E. W. Schuch's direction, rather earlier than usual this year. The president of the college has expressed a wish that the club should assist in a formal manner at the opening convocation in October, and the young men are already getting matters into shape for a speedy resumption of rehearsals. The officers of the club are gratified that its efforts last year have met with such approval in high places. In addition to the pieces for the convocation, the club will work up a new repertoire for its contribution at the various literary meetings, and also a fine programme of new high-class music for the annual conversazione.

•

Mr. John Bayley is making arrangements for a grand monster military band concert, in which the united bands of the Queen's Own Rifles, the Royal Grenadiers and the Thirteenth Battalion of Hamilton will perform a number of selections. This concert will take place about the end of October, and as the effect of some hundred and odd good musicians massed together in one large band is very fine, a great treat may be expected. Mr. Bayley has taken the right course, as the attraction offered by such a novelty will ensure success.

•

On Tuesday last Mr. Frederick W. Green, who for several years has efficiently performed the onerous duties of secretary of the Philharmonic Society was married to Miss Leach, and left for his new home in Halifax, N.S., where he will assume the management of the Nova Scotia branch of the Confederation Life Association, in whose head office he has had an experience of twelve-and-a-half years. Mr. Green was always a painstaking and efficient officer of the Philharmonic, and much of the society's success in later years has been due to the careful business habits which he has brought to bear upon the affairs of that organization. His assistance will be much missed by the society, as well as by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, of which he was a valuable member.

•

The announcement of the Philharmonic Society is now out, and shows that the expenses of the last season, when the Golden Legend and the Messiah were performed, were a trifle over $4,000; and that in consequence the price of subscription will have to be maintained at $10, for which subscribers receive first choice of three seats for each of the three concerts which comprise the season. These concerts will embrace Handel's Samson and Beethoven's Mount of Olives, in addition to which there will be a performance of the Messiah on December 27, at popular prices. METRONOME.

Pansies.

For Saturday Night.

Pansies plucked for me to-day
In a village far away,
Pinned upon my coat of blue
By the hands of lover true.

"Hearts-ease" in the flowers I read
(Messengers by Heav'n decreed);
Glad their message to my heart;
"Soon, dear love, no more we part."

Pansies drooping, dying, dead,
Down has gone each pretty head.
A message? Drowned (O cruel sea!)
"Heart-break" now their word to me.

Aug. 24, 1888. SNAX.

There is something mightier than a born name, there is a born soul and desire of nobleness.

W. J. Scanlon, the Irish comedian, opens out at the Grand, next week, with The Irish Minstrel, during the first part, and Shane Na Lawn will be presented during the last three days of the week.

•

I went on Tuesday night to see the Hanlons in The New Fastasma, and returned like the Queen of Sheba from the presence of Solomon—with no more spirit left in me. It goes without saying that anything the Hanlons put on the boards is worth seeing, and The New Fantasma is no exception to the rule. The plot is a secondary consideration to the spectacular part of the business, being of course in keeping with the time-honored tradition that the hero and heroine come up smiling in the last act. As I said last week, no expense has been spared in presenting the most effective scenery, the latter being produced by the most experienced artists in this particular line. The house was comfortably filled with an audience which liberally testified its delight at the bill of fare presented, particularly the dance of the witches, a rattling set-to between two skeleton "pugs," and a phantom minuet which was excellently well performed. The haunted bedroom, of course, took immensely, as did that pretty transformation scene, the Grotto of the Magic Fountain. The latter part of the evening was devoted to lighter pantomime, which proved an admirable counterfoil to the lurid magnificence of the preceding features of The New Fantasma.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

One of The Finest is a scenic production which has drawn large audiences during the week to the Toronto Opera House. If the audience on Monday night is a fair criterion of the attendance during the balance of the week, Mr. Shaw has every reason to be satisfied with One of the Finest.

The central figure of course is Mishler, a New York policeman (Ed. Ryan), who is equally funny in the home circle and when in the discharge of his "offishul dooties." The scene of the plot is laid in New York. James Eastman, (Ernest Goode), after an absence of some time returns with a fortune, made at the mines, a few days after his wife is buried. His portable wealth excites the cupidity of Hugh Hickman, an escaped convict and burglar, who murders him and secures his gold. This is where Mr. Hickman's troubles begin. His wife leaves him and adopts one of his murdered victim's children. And then begins a pretty little game of hide and seek, which ultimately results in the murderer's utter discomfiture, the restitution of the money to the murdered Eastman's children, and a good time for all those who have "stood in" with virtue and the twelve commandments. The play introduces a Bowery masher "Mort Devine," a walking chromo, the magnificence of whose paste diamonds causes the very stars to blink and twinkle with envy. The balance of the cast received a liberal share of applause, and was fairly up to the mark. One can go further and fare worse than spend a couple of hours in listening to One of the Finest.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the well-known actor, is living now at Brighton, England, where he is at present under the treatment of Sir Andrew Clark for nervous prostration caused by overwork. He is now in his sixty-fourth year, and has been one of the hardest-working actors on the stage. Nearly every actor has an anecdote of an incident with a star, and probably more incidents are told of Barry Sullivan than of any other. He has three unmarried daughters and a son living with him. One of his sons is shortly going on tour in the provinces as *Hamlet*.

It is satisfactory to know that compensation for the dulness of the summer theatrical season is to be made by an autumn of richness in the histrionic world. Macbeth, at the Lyceum, is, in all its accessories, to excel in splendor anything attempted by Mr. Irving. The cost of scenery and costumes will not be short of £15,000. Mr. Harris, who cleared not less than £5,000 by his opera season at Covent Garden, will spend that sum and a good deal more for the preparation of his Armada play, which is to be brought out at Drury Lane in September. Among the arrangements that have been already made by Mr. Harris none are happier than that which will enable playgoers to see Miss Winnifred Emery in the leading part of the play. Among the theatrical novelties to be seen in the early autumn will be the new Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera at the Savoy.

Thackeray's hair was of that loveliest shade in man: fine of texture and of pure white silk, says a writer in *Temple Bar*. In his deep interest in the sufferings of Queen Victoria's own heroine, he was leaning over the dress circle with his head between his hands (there were no stalls at the Vic.). A Vickite from the gallery took steady aim, and expectorated exactly in the middle of it. The dear old man did not look up. He merely had recourse to his handkerchief, and observed: 'The heathen gods, I believe, never used to do that." Ah! that was an Ambrosian night. I have had some of them, in my time, with some of the choice spirits of the past, for whom there is nothing now, I think, but Day; for him, at least, if, Light has ever been. When he treated boys it was with no ungenerous views about bed. After the play he carried us off to Evans' to be greeted by Paddy Green with "Dear boy, dear boy;" to eat such baked potatoes as never have been baked since, and listen well into the small hours to the divine voices of the boys, in a framework of rich portraiture of bygone heroes of the stage. How Thackeray again, would have moralized over his dead-and-gone Paddy Green and Evans' pure and wholesome atmosphere. Play-taken boys cannot breathe it now.

Language of the Handkerchief.

When the fat man ties his around his neck, it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and clasps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to sneeze.

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dude in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money.

When the flash youth takes a gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, it signifies that he will never see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before the year is out.

When a lady and gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no doubt that they are married.

When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers, it means that he is stuck.

The old colored lady carries her handkerchief tied around her head.

The dude's silk handkerchief is always worn so that the corner sticks out.

When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady, and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the middle of the night and pokes his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house.

When a woman carries her handkerchief in her hand she does not always wish to cry or flirt, but probably has no pocket in her dress.

When an actress displays a lace handkerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of a queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes you believe he has stolen your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fools' day and that you are the fool.

When you see a man rush down from the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run upstairs again, you may bet your pile that he has forgotten his handkerchief.

A Matrimonial Catechism.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath "I may be."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt us."

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms——"

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets, and——"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send you my card. Au revoir," and she swept away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.

Boycotts and Boycotts.

Customer—Didn't see the papers this morning, eh? Well, the Society of Self-that-Will Men, composed of merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors and preachers whose residences are in this neighborhood, resolved that unless you moved your saloon further away from Temperance square they would boycott you.

Wealthy Saloonkeeper—Yah, yah, yah! Ho, ho, ho! That's too good!

Customer—And at about the same hour, at a meeting of the Order of Half-starved, Downtrodden, Overworked and Unpaid Laboring Men, it was resolved that unless you moved your saloon away from Temperance square and nearer to Poverty Flats, where it would be more handy to them, they'd boycott you.

Wealthy Saloonkeeper—Great Scott! I'll move.

Mind the Paint.

A number of gentlemen passing through the Sophie-Charlottenstrasse at 11 p.m. on their way home, noticed a fence and a post standing near it to which a red label was affixed. Being curious to know what it meant, they endeavored to read the inscription, but it was dark and they were unable to distinguish the letters.

One, more adventurous then the rest, climbed up the post with the assistance of the others. No sooner had he read the placard, however, than with an angry exclamation he dropped to the ground. The label was inscribed: "Wet Paint."

Literal Construction.

Irate father (to young Binks)—"See here, young man! didn't I tell you never to enter my gate again?"

Young Binks—"Yes, sir; and I didn't. I clum over the fence."

True and Timely.

"Why are you out with your hose and broom, Mr. Jenkins? The watering cart and the street-cleaner have just gone through the avenue.

Mr. J.—Yes. What with the dust raised by the one and the dirt dropped by the other, a householder is kept busy these days.

It Had the Necessary Strength.

Captain Salthorse (to landlady)—Mrs. Hashetter, can you tell me where I can purchase a large quantity of this butter?

Mrs. Hashetter (gushingly)—Now, my dear captain! What can you want of a quantity of that excellent butter?

Captain S.—I intend arming my marines with it in place of cutlasses, as my experience with it here convinces me it's a great thing to repel boarders.

Her Last Chance.

An irate woman entered a dry-goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks:

"I've come to find out what you mean by charging me a dollar Saturday night for that table-spread and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for sixty cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?"

"You mistook me, madame," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to sixty cents Monday morning."

Away Down East.

Away down east whare mountain rills
Ar' thru the hollers flowin';
Whare cattle browse upon the hills,
When summer winds ar' blowin'.

Whare in the moonlight winter nights,
The world puts on sich splendor,
When young folks go tu singin' school
An' git so kind o' tender;

Whare village gossips hear an' tell
The'r kind o' harmless slander;
Thare lived blue-eyed Mehetabel,
An' honest young Philander.

Mehetabel was just as sweet
An' fair as summer weather;
She had the cutest leetle feet
That ever trod in leather.

An' then those mild soft eyes o' her'n,
Wy! cider wer'n't no clearer;
They made Philander's visage burn
Whenever he sot near her.

Philander, he was tall an' thin,
A kind o' slender feller;
He had a sort o' goslin' chin,
His hair was long and yeller.

Drest in his go-tu-meetin' clothes,
A standin' collar sportin';
He went down cross-lots Sunday nights,
To Deacon Spencer's courtin'.

Thare down he sot afore the fire,
A thinkin' an' a lookin';
He praised the Deacon's sheep an' cows,
He praised her mother's cookin'.

He talked all round the tender pint
But somehow couldn't du it,
His words got kind o' out o' j'int,
Afore he could git thru it.

'Twas twelve o'clock one Sunday night:
A blazin' fire was roarin';
The old folks hed gone off tu bed;
The Deacon he was snorin'.

Around the time worn room the light
Fell kind o' soft an' cosy,
The old pine settle it was drawn
Up by the fireplace, cosy.

Mehetabel sot on one end,
Philander he sot by her,
An' with the old tongs in his hand,
Kept pokin' at the fire.

He tried tu tell her how he felt;
It sot him in a flutter,
The sweat, it just rolled down his face
Like drops o' melted butter.

So thare they sot an' talked about
The moonshine an' the weather,
An' kept a kind o' hitchin' up
Until they hitched together.

The Deacon snored away in bed;
Philander he got bolder;
He slipped his arm around her head
An' laid it on his shoulder.

An' then she lifted up her eyes,
An' looked up into his'n,
It seemed as if the silence hev a heart,
Into his mouth hed rin'n.

He sot and trembled for a while,
She looked so mighty clever,
Some spirit whispered in his ear—
"Jest du it now or never."

Sez he—"My dear Mehetabel,
My house an' home ar' waitin',
An' ain't it gettin' to be time
That you an' I were makin'?"

An' then sez she, jest loud enuff
For him tu understand her.—
"If you kin be content with me,
I guess it is, Philander."

The Deacon woke up from his dreams,
Sez he: "Ther's suthin' brewin',
He peeked out thru the bed-room door,
Tu see what they were doin'.

An' when he saw 'em sittin' there,
Like little lambs in clover,
He almost snickered right out loud,
It tickled him all over.

He nudged his wife and told her tu,
An' my! how it did please her
And then they talked themselves to sleep,
An' moored away like Cæsar.

Philander sot there all night long,
He didn't think o' goin';
Till when the day began tu dawn,
He heerd the roosters crowin'.

An' when he started over home,
Along across the holler,
He kept a talkin' tu himself,
An' fumblin' with his collar.

Sez he: "Ther' never was a chap
That did the blainess slicker,"
An' then he gin' himself a slap,
An' my! how he did snicker.

An' now blue-eyed Mehetabel
Is married tu Philander,
An' village gossips idly tell
That we've got a weddin' grander.

Those peaceful moonlight winter nights
Have not yit lost ther' splendor;
The young folks go tu singin' school,
An' still git kind o' tender.

Away down east, whare mountain rills,
Ar' thru the hollers flowin';
Whare cattle browse upon the hills
When summer winds ar' blowin'.

(As recited by Sol Smith Russell.)

The Difference.

A band played softly in the park,
It was a glorious summer night,
The trees cast shadows deep and dark
For those who cared not for the light.

Among the latter I saw Jack,
And stood unnoticed by his side,
But his companion did not lack
Attention; both were occupied.

Jack's flippant tongue ran glibly on,
A prince of entertaining he!
I really was surprised, that John
So full of sparkling wit should be.

Next day we met upon the street,
His face a bored expression wore,
For she with whom he walked, though sweet,
Was just his sister—nothing more

G. MYRON MACBRIDE.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

She—When night o'er gentle nature weaves her pall,
And darkling weird-like shadows lengthen fast,
With addl-n'd heart, and tears, do I recall
The long-departed, sweetly bitter Past,
And, pierc'd by mem'ry's arrow keen
I murmur low, "It might have been."

He— By George! 'tis just as well, perhaps, that fate
Has thwarted thus my once fastidious taste,
What woe I've 'scaped these years—the henpeck'd mate
Of thirty-six or forty round the waist,
And squalling brats—oh, hideous scene—
Are 'mongst the things which "might have been."

H. K. COCKIN.

* * *

Ready! Aye! Ready! are the 24th Kent Infantry, if we are to judge that regiment by one of its officers who is given to rushing into print in a style of which the following is an example:

Editor World:—In the event of hostilities with the United States Western Ontario can be counted on. There are eight large Yankee cities within convenient striking distance. Our militia can be concentrated at any one point, while the Yankees will be distributed in garrisons. Our prime move would be the capture of Detroit, which, if done with a brilliant rush, would easily fall into our hands. It could then be fortified and held by 10,000 men against any odds, and as provisions would be abundant there, it could hold out for six months at least, besides the saving to our Government by boarding on our neighbors. Then, Detroit commands the Upper Lakes, St. Clair Flats canal being already in Canadian waters, it could easily be commanded by a battery from the Canadian shore.

GEORGE H. DOUGLAS,
Lieut. 24th Kent Infantry.

August 30, '88.

* * *

The young gentleman who signs his name to this extraordinary letter is a great card. In fact there is nothing cheap or nasty about this remarkable youth. Authority is apparent in every line, and mark you, most potent seignors with what consummate ease he grasps the whole situation at a glance. There is positive genius in it.

* * *

But let not the waverers, nor they who are timid of heart be discomfited, for are we not assured that "in the event of war, Western Ontario may be counted upon." George H. Douglas will be on deck. Oh, happy assurance! The tear of the matron, the shriek of fair maidens, the sobbing of frail infants at the breast are heard no more in the land, for knowing that George H. is with us, we have no further alarm on the subject, and are prepared to discuss the question with calmness and propriety.

* * *

The author of the letter in question proceeds to state that "there are eight large Yankee cities within convenient striking distance. What a temptation to the instincts of the freebooter, and, think of it! revel in it! What a picnic the gallant 24th, headed by Lieut. Geo. H. Douglas, will have when looting time rings the curtain up.

* * *

Then the black Douglas of the 24th Kent Infantry goes on to say that "Our prime move would be the capture of Detroit, which could be fortified and held by ten thousand men, *against all odds!*" And observe, ye laggards of the East! the manner in which allusion is made to the fact of a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants being "carried with a brilliant rush." By heavens, this is famous! I begin to feel young once more, and already sniff the battle from afar.

* * *

But the Douglas is canny, and preaches economy as well as war. "No man goeth a warfare on his own charges," and bearing this Scriptural quotation in mind, George H. proposes to hold the city of Detroit for at least six months, boarding the while at Uncle Sam's expense. Ah! what a man has been lost to the commissariat! Under such a commander our swords might rust, but our knives and forks would be in tip-top condition.

* * *

A truce, however, to badinage. Is it not a thousand pities that such awful rot as is contained in this letter should emanate from anyone bearing her Majesty's commission? I would fain hope that the author of such a letter is some callow youth whose knowledge of the horrors of a stricken field is as limited as his ideas on tactics and strategy, which, apparently, are erratic indeed. The probable outcome of this affair, however, is that the gallant lieutenant will hear more on this subject from headquarters.

* * *

Still another has been added to the long list of "Les Rois en exile," and the hapless Nathalie of Servia, who a few short years ago brought that ineffable cad, Milan, a dowry of two millions, and the most bewitching bride in Europe, finds herself supplanted by an intriguing French actress.

* * *

Milan is about as worthless a monarch as ever donned a crown, and that is not saying a little. His military career has not been lengthy, neither has it been a glorious one. If I am not egregiously mistaken his followers have been deucedly well trounced on every battlefield on which Milan has gazed from a safe distance. His successes as a domestic character have been very few and very far between.

* * *

Nathalie, it must be confessed, has a tongue which is vulgarly known as a "scorcher"—a most fatal gift, when unaccompanied by the controlling influence of a well-balanced mind. In verbal arguments between this worthy pair Milan hasn't a ghost of a chance as compared with the buxom, dark-eyed Nathalie, and therefore seeks redress in another court. His consort up to this week has been residing near Paris, at Versailles, the outcome of her somewhat natural desire to avoid service of a citation to appear before the Holy Synod and the Holy Consistory.

ST. GEORGE.

How I Got My Tooth Out.

For Saturday Night.

You may not think that the event hinted at above is so important as to demand being specially written up but that is because you don't know anything at all about this particular case. You, my dear sir, are in profound ignorance of one of the most brilliant surgical operations ever witnessed on this continent. It was also the painfullest (that is the only word I can get to properly describe it), event in my humble life. Perhaps in this little incident something may strike you as familiar. May be you have had a tooth out yourself some time. If our experiences do not concur you may make up your mind that your tooth was just some ordinary molar with no particular capacity for sensation. I am going to talk about *my* tooth just now, and it beats all creation what I suffered with it. It wasn't some cuspid or bi-cuspid with cheap gold-filling a little out of gear that caused the trouble; it was the second back molar on the ground floor, the biggest tooth in my head, or rather the root of what was once the pride of my jaw.

If I had a mind to I could a thrilling tale unfold of the tortures I endured for two days and nights before I went to the dentist, or rather the licensed monster who preys upon human sensibilities with a printed diploma with a three-inch seal, and a set of daggers and thumbscrews borrowed from the late Spanish Inquisition. Two days and nights of downsitting and uprising in madness, despair and tears! I am convinced now that Father Noah, whatever his other infirmities were, never had the toothache. Do you suppose if one of the old man's teeth had struck a snag and he could not find the "camphire" bottle, or there did not happen to be a dentist on board, that he would ever have come ashore? No! He would have got right out into the lake or have twisted the lion's tail.

The Event of which I wish to speak happened at 11 a.m. on a day set by the Fates. I chose an artificer in teeth, who displayed the legend:

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

I knew it must be a variation from the strict truth, but we like to be deceived, and are ourselves the biggest trifers with truth when in the operating chair. In fact, I have known of ordinary or fair-to-good church members who, when the forceps began to get their deadly grip on their jaws, would forcibly declare that there wasn't anything the matter with "that tooth," to get right away, now, don't touch it, it's all right, etc.—remarks which, when examined in conjunction with their ante-dental statements, were highly improbable.

I was admitted to the chamber of horrors, and was pleased to observe that the Chief Inquisitor was not a bad-looking sort of fellow, rather humane-like, and as texts of Scripture were fastened on the wall I thought he must at least be a kind-hearted and benevolent soul who would not cause unnecessary pain. One of the texts expressed the hope that in the hereafter there would be no more tears or pain, which I thought ill-chosen as it seemed to reflect on the glorious present in which I was immediately concerned. I was foolish enough to confess I wanted a tooth out. He led me to the chair; I followed like a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened my mouth.

"I-m-I-m not so sure that it *is* the tooth after all," I faltered. "I think maybe it's the neuralgia I have had. Do you think it really ought to come out?"

"Oh I don't know; let's see. That's the one, is it?"

I foolishly closed my eyes to take a long breath and at that moment the iron entered my soul. Most dentists try to aggravate a tooth before they really attack it, to knock a few chips off its shoulder as it were; but this one waived any preliminary proceedings and opened court at once. What follows must be told in a parenthesis. I will endeavor to transcribe my thoughts in the exact order. It is, I think, a piece of "realism" the like of which I have not read in Howells:

[Oh! What was that? Gee whiz, what a feeling! Something surely must be happening to my gums. Now I know what it is. That man who has his arm around my neck has got his forceps on to my tooth, my sore tooth, and is indenting my gums with some cruelly sharp instrument (hence he is a dent-ist). The brute; he is actually shoving down, down, down into my very vitals; he'll strike my heart presently. (Why, I never thought a dentist shoved a tooth out; I thought they pulled it. Why don't you pull, you wretch!) Oh, he is grinding and tearing and twisting and lacerating me. Ugh! My very soul is moved from its base. I am being murdered. This man under the guise of a legal practitioner is a brute—a fiend. His eyes are glinting fire; his hands are dropping blood. I am Innocence; he is Rapine. He has me down and we are in a deadly struggle.

Grind, twist, pull, yank.

I feel that he is getting the better of me. Oh, will I never see home or the sweet sky again and all the things I love? Now he bestrides me. I am choking; his ruthless hands grapple my throat. The universe is being convulsed. The sky totters and is rolled up as a scroll; the sea recedes and the mountains are tumbling into the hole. What means this? Is this death?

Again I strive to rise, to kick the zodiac with one foot while my head seeks the bowels of the earth. What have I done to deserve this? This is *too* much for humanity to bear. Blood and fire! He'll kill me surely. His maniac grip is tightening; he is forcing his steel into my heart. Oh-h-h—!—!—!—Amsterdam, Jerusalem, Vesuvius, Dante's Inferno, thunder and lightning! my mother! I—'m—d-e-a-d.]

. . . . . .

When I sat up the dentist told me it had only taken half a minute, and that it was the biggest and hardest tooth to pull he had ever tackled. It would cost me fifty cents. I felt as if I loved that man. I would have given fifty dollars or a mortgage on my salary rather than have that old, lacerated root back again. But

"I would not pass another such a moment,
Were it to buy a world of happy days."

PIX.

To be Revised.

"Give me the inclosed street car every time in preferance to these open ones," he was saying to his friend as they rode up Woodward avenue the other day.

"For what reason?"

"Well, in an inclosed car you have a chance to stare at a good-looking woman. Here it is impossible."

"Yes, but the husband of that good-looking woman has a chance to kick you as you drop off the platform of an inclosed car, while here he has not."

"That's so. That puts a new face on the matter, and I will revise my decision."

Left Her a Limbacy.

On the Ocean House piazza, Newport.

Mr. Jenckyns (calling attention to passing equipage)—Judging from the style put on by the De Rushers this summer, I should imagine they had come into a fortune.

Miss Primme (from Boston)—Yes, have you not heard? Mrs. De Rusher's uncle died last spring and left her a cr-limbacy of several hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Jenckyns—Ah, that accounts for the sudden branching out.

The True Inwardness of Mary's Little Lamb.

For Saturday Night.

Mary, a youthful daughter of Ham,
Owned a diminutive youthful *ram*.
Wether or no the tale is true
I will not unfold, twixt me and *ewe*,
But shorn of all exaggeration,
The subject awaits your consideration.

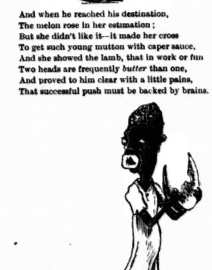
Its love for Mary naught could sp-pease,
And the creature never appeared at ease,
When Mary a little outing planned
Unless it meandered near Mary's hand.
Such love is no passing love of spring,
But like minted gold with the genuine ring;
Not the sheepish love that *fleece* away 'tis,
But the all-wool sort—with buttons gratis.

Now, the maid was of melon-colic mind,
And one August day she chanced to find
A slice of melon, ripe and good
That chimed with her melon-collar mood.

So she seized the treasure chance had brought her,
And the melon made the lamb's mouth water,
And he thought he'd go halves—but she did not,
And try hook or crook never a taste he got.

But, taking a run of a dozen yards back,
He gave her a most unmerciful crack.
In short, this really neglected ram
Properly 'saulted that daughter of Ham.

And when he reached his destination,
The melon rose in her estimation;
But she didn't like it—it made her cross
To get such young mutton with caper sauce,
And she showed the lamb, that in work or fun
Two heads are frequently *butter* than one,
And proved to him clear with a little pains,
That successful push must be backed by brains.



Then she turned about serenely calm,
While very chop-fallen looked the lamb,
And wiping the melon with her frock,
They both continued their pleasant walk.

E. W. SANDYS (Nomad).

Ultra Refined.

Mrs. Beresford (who has rested her pet on the lobster barrel while making her purchases)—Tell me that dogs are not aristocratic! Why, Caspar can't bear even the smell of a market. —*Judge.*

At a Wagner Concert.

The trombonist, who has eighteen bars rest, blows his nose vigorously.

Chorus of beer-befuddled Wagnerites—Gott in Himmel! Was fur ein effect!! etwas colossal!!! Talk of Beethoven after that! Pshaw! —*The Squibbler.*

In Dear Old London, Don't You Know.

Mrs. Paraffine Stewpans (to cabby whom she thinks has overcharged her)—You're a regular —!!! I'll have you arrested!—!!!—!! The idea!—!!!—!!!

Cabby (admiringly)—Blarst my heyes, but you're a reg'lar rum 'un, you are! Sech a bee-yootyful flow of landgwidge too! Might I be so bold as to harsk, mum, if you might be a hauthoress, now?

In St. Louis—After the Wedding.

He—And now tell me, darling, why did you weep when we approached the holy altar?

She—Love, I lost my chewing gum as we walked up the aisle.

The Old, Old Story.

Bob to Ben (walking in friendly confidence)—I told her I loved her; that she was my first love.

Italian fruitseller—Chestnuttas!—*The Cynic.*

A Dry Rain.

Smart Boy—This is a very wet rain.

Stern Father—A wet rain, is it? Did you ever hear of a dry rain?

Smart Boy—Oh, yes, sir!

Stern Father—Indeed!

Smart Boy—Yes, sir; a reign of *terra.*

The Manner of it.

Dora—How did you fetch him at last, dear?

Laura—I told him I'd about made up my mind to become a sister of mercy.

Dora—How did that affect him?

Laura—He asked me if I wouldn't practise on him as my first unfortunate.

Never Forgot Him.

Tailor—Ah, Mr. Dodd! You said you would remember me and my bill.

Mr. Dodd—And don't I? Why I remember you every night in my quite prayers.

Always Open.

American Visitor (in Paris)—When do you close your restaurant?

Proprietor—Never. Open night and day for the past three years; founded under Francis I.

American Visitor—Do you really mean to say that you never close?

Proprietor—Only during revolutions; and then there is a back entrance.

An Unnecessary Tribute.

Husband (dying)—Keep my grave green, darling, won't you?

Wife—What's the use, dear? You'll be in it.

A True Colorist.

Wife—What will you do when I die, darling?

Husband—Keep your grave green, dearest; get over the blues; have my boots blacked, and paint the town red.

Her spirit vanishes away.

He Left in a Hurry.

Flora—What do you think of young Mr. Smith?

Laura—He didn't give me time to think.

Looking For One Thing, You Find Another.

Broker (consolingly)—Ah, my boy, you wanted to find the horn of plenty too quickly!

Suregull (disconsolately)—Yes, and I got the golden fleece.

Surrendered the Pennant.

New Yorker (to visiting friend from Chicago)—At the bar in that wine room over $100,000 are spent every two or three months.

Chicagoan—That's nothing. There's a saloon in Chicago that keeps a dozen doctors.

New Yorker—What for?

Chicagoan—To take care of the men who are crushed underfoot during the stampedes to the bar.

The New Yorker surrenders the pennant.

Fired, Next Time, Guzzler.

Maj. Guzzler—Well, perhaps I was loaded, my dear.

Mrs. Guzzler—I should say so! Now remember, Guzzler, the next time you come home loaded, you are going to be fired.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Impecunious Thespian—Say, Brutus, do you think you can guff us fellows with those time-tables sticking out of your pockets? We all know you walked the entire distance from Oshkosh!

Brutus—You do me a great wrong, gentlemen, prithee. Those time-tables are merely a guide for me to know when the express comes along, in order that I may betake myself from the track in time for safety.—*Texas Siftings.*

An Agent in a Box.

One day at Anniston, Ala., as I went down to the depot to make some inquiries, I found about 300 colored people who were going off to a point thirty miles away on an excursion. They were two hours ahead of time, and a man who seemed to be the leader, made it a point to go to the ticket agent every few minutes and inquire about something. After one of these trips I said to him:

"Aren't you afraid the agent will get out of sorts by and by?"

"No, sah! Not at all, sah!" he sharply replied. "Dat agint ar' actin' from self intress, sah."

"How?"

"Knows if he makes me mad dis hull crowd will git up 'n walk dat hull distance an' back an' leave his railroad to go inter bankruptcy. He's got to fish or cut bait, sah—yes, sah."

Great Indications.

Officer Heggenrath (in the bosom of his family)—Vat me liddle sohn do ven he chrows oop?

The Baby—Valk on der shady side ob der shtreed unt trink bier, like he's popper.

Officer Heggenrath—Py chim, Kathrine, he vos an Inspecgdor Pyrnes aireatty!

Not Dangerous.

"Julia, perhaps I am staying too late. Is not that your father tapping on the floor overhead?"

"Yes, Arthur, but don't go yet. He isn't dangerously mad until he goes tearing along the hall beating the gong."

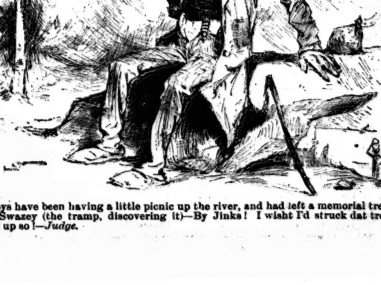
A Translation.

Estelle—What does "Kismet" mean?

Hugh—It is Turkish, and means "kiss me." The "t" is a typographical error.

(They commune in Turkish.)

Vain Regrets.



The boys have been having a little picnic up the river, and had left a memorial tree.

Tired Swazey (the tramp, discovering it)—By Jinks! I wisht I'd struck dat tree 'fore-der fruit dried up so!—*Judge.*

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.

Griffiths Tennant returned at last. The moment he appeared in the doorway they knew, without questioning, that his search for the pearl studs had been unsuccessful. He barely glanced at Molly and Brande, who both were scared look of horror was so faithfully reflected on their faces that he saw they needed no corroboration in words of the disappearance of the jewels. The jeweler's face too was an expression of startled sympathy.

"This is an awful thing, Mr. Kenswald," said Griffiths Tennant hoarsely—"an awful thing! The studs are gone—there is no doubt about that part of the matter."

He closed the door carefully behind him, pushing it to make sure that the latch had shot home, and crossed to his chair in perfect silence. They all seemed to feel that this was something more than the mere loss of so much valuable property, and his next words gave expression to their thoughts.

"You have not lived among the Welsh all your life," he went on, still addressing himself exclusively to the jeweler, "without finding out their weaknesses as well as their virtues. I need not mind confessing my superstition to you. I dare say you will laugh in your sleeve at me, but that doesn't alter the fact of my belief that the family of Tennants will cease to exist with the disappearance of those pearls. Bear in mind my words, spoken while the influence of my loss is strongest upon me; unless those studs are recovered, the Tennants, who have held Bryn-mawr in an unbroken line for more than hundred years, will become extinct with this generation."

Mr. Kenswald was a practical nineteenth-century tradesman, and his healthily-constituted mind refused to dwell on this romantic aspect of the case. He turned naturally to the more prosaic consequences of the loss.

"It may possibly be a great loss, Mr. Tennant," he remarked respectfully, "but what is of far more importance just now is the absolute loss itself, and the chances of recovery. Of course you will put the matter at once into the hand of the police? How long is it since you last saw the pearls?"

"I wore them on the night before last at the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner in Carnarvon."

"Only, then," returned Mr. Kenswald cheerfully—"they have not got a very long start! You are sure you brought them back safely?"

The question seemed to rouse Griffiths Tennant from the state of mental lethargy into which he had fallen. He looked keenly at Brande, who was sitting at the table opposite to him with his back to the windows.

"My nephew can answer that question," he said quickly; "he put them away for me in their usual place in the top drawer of the bureau—didn't you, Brande?"

"Yes," answered Brande, in a low tone—"that is so, Mr. Kenswald."

"And I suppose no one can get to this particular top drawer except with your knowledge, Mr. Tennant?" inquired the jeweler again.

"No one," was the reply. "The drawer is not unlocked very often, for I keep nothing there but some out-of-date title deeds and some letters of my mother's. The drawer has been unlocked only once since Tuesday night, and that was by you, Molly, on Wednesday morning; and you say you are sure the studs were not there then."

Molly shook her head, and Mr. Tennant turned suddenly to his nephew.

"I don't remember your bringing the keys to me after you locked the drawer, Brande. Where did you leave them?"

"Where you found them the next morning, sir—under your pillow," answered the young man, looking quite glad to be able to add, "I found the screws of the studs rather difficult to unfasten, and you were asleep by the time I had got them out, so I slipped the keys carefully under your pillow, as a safe place for them."

When Brande made this admission of having been left alone with the studs in his possession, Mr. Kenswald could not helping directing a keen glance at him; and Molly, remembering her cousin's remark on the preceding morning, about something turning up to obviate the necessity of speaking to his uncle about his debt, felt as if the end of the world had come.

"The only time the keys have been out of my possession since," remarked Mr. Tennant, "was when Molly fetched the cheque-book."

Molly felt that they were all three looking at her when this was said; but she neither moved nor spoke.

"That was yesterday morning!" murmured Mr. Kenswald, interrogatively. "And you are sure the key of the drawer has not been out of your possession since, Mr. Tennant?"

The master of Bryn-mawr shook his head, and Mr. Kenswald was silent. It was very awkward, the jeweler thought, that just the two people who had access to the famous jewels should be just the heir himself and the lady he was going to marry—so awkward indeed that he did not care to make any further remarks on the matter. It was all very incomprehensible. There was only one point of the case upon which he felt infinite belief, and that was that Mr. Tennant was not likely to employ police aid to unearth the thief. No; in the very peculiar circumstances of the disappearance of the pearls their owner would hardly care to make his loss and the manner of it food for county gossip.

As these thoughts occurred to the little man, he felt so certain that they must be written on his face that he hardly knew how to get through the formal leave-taking with the people he was mentally accusing of robbery.

"It is a shocking affair," he said, brushing his hat attentively with the fur cuffs of his driving-gloves, and speaking to nobody in particular, as he rose from his chair—"a most shocking affair—and I wish I could help you in some way; but that I'm afraid is impossible. I may as well get back to Carnarvon. If you can make any use of me, Mr. Tennant, mind, I am quite at your service—I mean in the matter of identifying the pearls, and so on. I think I should know them again. Good morning."

Mr. Tennant however would not let the man of business go like that. He was hurt by the blow which had fallen upon him, it had not stifled his hospitable instincts.

"Nonsense, Kenswald!" he cried, with an honest attempt at heartiness. "We can't send you away hungry because I've lost my pet studs. Come into the dining room—luncheon will be ready in ten minutes; you must up to your snack to fortify yourself against your cold drive home."

He rose as he spoke, and led the way to the door; and Brande and Molly noticed that he seemed to have suddenly aged in face, form, and movement since he had left them a minutes that had passed since he entered the room.

After the two men were gone there was an awkward silence between the young people who were left behind. Molly rested her chin on her hand and toyed carelessly with some loose pens that were lying on the table. Brande sat rigidly still, watching her. Then suddenly he pushed his chair back, got up, plunged both hands into his pockets and strolled from the room, whistling softly as he went.

Molly listened to his footsteps going down the hall, and for one moment an intense yearning shadowed her face; then a new and darker expression replaced it, and, as she too rose in response to the luncheon gong, she muttered, with intense anger in her tone:

"How dared he! I wonder how dared he!"

When Mr. Kenswald left the house Griffiths Tennant went straight from the hall to his own rooms, and there, having locked both the outer doors, he spent the next three hours—a long, in fact, as the light lasted—in a thorough search. There were no fixed carpets at Bryn-mawr—the floors were too handsome to be hidden—so he had no difficulty in making a thorough search. Every rug was taken up and shaken thoroughly; all the bedding was treated in the same way; every article of clothing was examined closely and thrown in a heap in the middle of the floor; every piece of furniture was turned and shaken both inside and out; there was not a crevice or cranny that had not overgone a close inspection—but all in vain. The studs, together with the connecting chain and the case, had disappeared.

When he had thoroughly convinced himself that they were nowhere in his rooms, he rang for the servants and had the place put all right again, telling them that he had mislaid an important paper, and then went downstairs, and found Molly alone by the drawing-room fire. She looked listless enough, as she lay back in a low chair gazing, as was her habit, into the fire, with the tea untouched on a small table at her elbow.

He went over to her, and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. She started, and, looking up, saw his smile grave but kind. He tried hard to return his smile, but the effort was too much for her, and her lips—those resolute, firm lips that so seldom showed weakness—began to quiver, and her face was pitiful to see. Presently she spoke in a very low and quiet though perfectly steady voice—

"You have been searching again, uncle dear?"—"Yes."

"With no better results?"—None."

"What do you mean to do?"—"What can I do?"

They both knew well enough that he could do nothing—knew that he would rather not have any light thrown upon the matter, that he would not have the affair investigated to save his life, because he felt that the certainty would be worse than the uncertainty. She looked at him as he stood with bowed head, one hand resting lightly on the tea-table, and a beautiful expression of pity shadowed her gray eyes. She rose and coaxed him into her chair, and then, taking a seat at the table, with her left hand lying caressingly on his shoulder, she made his tea.

"It will do you good, dear, and cheer you up," she said, with a fairly successful attempt to speak in her ordinary tone and manner.

He took the cup obediently and drank the tea as if he hardly knew what he was doing.

"Molly, my dear," he said presently, without looking at her, "this loss of ours must not be talked about. It must be kept strictly to ourselves."

"Of course it must, uncle Griffiths!"

"You see, Molly, no sort of good could come of our making it public," he added softly, trying to give her a reason other than the real one for his desire to keep their misfortune secret.

"It would make gossip for the whole country-side, and our lives would be a misery to us because of people's curiosity."

"Of course it would, dear," she returned promptly; "it would never do at all. Will Mr. Kenswald talk about it, do you think?"

"No; he is quite safe. I told him it would spoil the case for the police if——"

"Uncle, cried Molly, with a convulsive tightening of her grasp on his shoulder and the color suddenly fading from her lips, "you are not going to——"

"No, no, Molly," he said quietly, putting his hand over hers and pressing it significantly; "I am not going to employ the police. What would be the good? We must make the best we can of a bad job."

Molly bent down her head and kissed the well-shaped hand lying over hers on his shoulder, but she did not speak. They both knew each other's thoughts, and he felt that nothing would have seemed so much more terrible had they been put into words. They sat in silence for a little while, and then Mr. Tennant asked suddenly, as if the fact of the young fellow's absence has only just occurred to him—

"Where Brande?"

"I don't know," answered Molly. "I've not seen him since he left the table with Mr. Kenswald, at luncheon-time."

"Molly, my dear," he said hurriedly, looking her straight in the face, "you will not be unkind to the boy when he comes to you?"

Molly began to tremble a little as she met his glance.

"You mean," she began, and then stopped short.

"I mean," he went on, taking up her words at once, "that you won't refuse to become the mistress of Bryn-mawr because 'Queen Nell's blessing' is not included in the bargain?"

She was silent for a moment, and then the pleading in his eyes and that of her own heart conquered.

"I shall be exactly as you wish, uncle Griffiths."

"Heaven bless you, Molly!" he murmured fervently. "You are a noble woman; and Molly, I have a kind of foreknowledge that in the end, when this mystery is explained, as it will be some day, you will be thankful that you decided as you are doing now."

He stopped abruptly; and Molly, glancing round to discover the cause, saw Brande looking in them from the doorway. Her heart beat wildly, but she called to him in a manner of fact way to come and have some tea, resolving to treat the events of the past two days as though they had never been.

At her summons Brande came forward from the dim shadow about the doorway into the radius of light near the fire, and, as he walked up the room, they were both conscious of something unusual in his manner, though they could neither of them have defined the difference. His eyes had lost some of their steadiness and his tread a little of its firmness. For a moment she thought the change must be due to his loss of self-respect, and she felt inexpressibly shocked at it. If this was the work of a few hours, what would the result be as time went on? While she was hoping with all her heart that the alteration was not so apparent to uncle Griffiths as to her, she made a discovery which caused her an odd sensation of mingled relief and horror. Brande had been drinking!

This knowledge was a relief in so far that it gave her reason to hope the present alteration in him was not likely to be permanent; but it was a horror to think that he had been so torpedoed by his own conscience as to be driven to this means of seeking forgetfulness.

She had never seen her cousin like this before, and she was puzzled, inwardly, in very negative spirit. Then she started an exceedingly animated conversation with her uncle, and rattled away merrily, conscious the while that he was watching her slyly all the time, as if he half doubted the genuineness of her high spirits, until the first bell released her from her difficult task.

She was glad to be alone in her room for a time, glad to be free from restraint. But even now she did not allow herself the relief of tears, as most women would have done. She paced up and down her room with arms tightly folded, lips firmly set, and knitted brows.

She was fighting out the battle with herself once and for ever. During the long, quiet, lonely afternoon she had decided that all would be at an end between Brande and herself; and yet she had promised uncle Griffiths that she would become her cousin's wife in spite of this trouble that had fallen upon them. And she had done no more than her duty. She loved Brande Tennant! Yes, she told her reflection in the glass defiantly, she loved him dearly; and, though her pride had made her decide that she could not marry a man whom she did not respect, still, as she loved him, and since the marriage would make uncle Griffiths happy, why, she would marry him and risk the rest. Yes, she would, though her heart almost fled at her at the prospect, and though she felt it would be like embarking on an unknown sea without rudder or compass to guide her.

Things went down smoothly enough after this at Bryn-mawr, although everybody seemed to be on their best company behavior. All the old heartiness and playfulness were gone from their intercourse, and in their place was a ceremonious politeness generally reserved for the occasional or unexpiplimentary feelings towards strangers. The young people treated their uncle with constant consideration and tenderness, almost seeming to vie with each other in their affectionate attentions. But, whenever Molly and Brande were left alone together for a few minutes, a cold courtesy of manner would fall upon them instantly. They would each "make talk" for the other until they had been together long enough to prevent any suspicion of their wishing to avoid each other, and then one of Molly's friends remember that some trifling duty required immediate attention elsewhere.

CHAPTER VIII.

The weeks passed slowly away at Bryn-mawr; and Christmas had come and gone, leaving Molly and Brande both looking back with their constant endeavors to keep up appearances before their uncle. They flattered themselves they had hoodwinked him into believing that their feelings towards each other were the same as they had always been; but uncle Griffiths was keener sighted than either of them thought, and saw more of Brande's character than taste for each other's society than they ever imagined. It was the fulfilling of the old prophecy, he told himself dejectedly—the jewels were lost, and Queen Nell's blessing was lost with them.

If Griffiths Tennant had followed the dictates of his heart he would have hurried on the wedding at once; but a certain timidity had crept into his manner towards Brande, and he did not like to speak to him directly about the approaching wedding. He only hinted at it occasionally when referring to future arrangements, upon which Brande always received in perfect silence.

The excitement of Lady Du Quesne's ball came as a real boon in the midst of this period of depression. Poor Molly had been half glad gay over this event—one to which she would not have devoted a second thought had all things been in order—but just now she had tried to make any amount of capital out of it as a topic for conversation; for the girl felt at her wits' end sometimes to keep up appearances with such an unwilling partner as Brande in support her endeavors. When her dress came down from London she had it brought into the drawing-room where she had been waiting for her uncle—she could not flatter herself she had been singing to Brande, for he had not raised his eyes from the newspaper once since he entered the room—and made a great fuss over unpacking the garment and pointing out its beauties to the two men.

"Won't you find it rather heavy to dance in, Molly, child?" said her uncle, as she laid the skirt, heavily trimmed with jet embroidery, over the back of a chair.

"I don't suppose I shall dance very much, uncle," she answered, with a swift glance at Brande's newspaper. "Engaged young ladies aren't much sought after, you know, and besides, I know so few people down here."

"Then Brande will have to make up for the lack of other partners, since he is the cause of the scarcity, observed Mr. Tennant trenchantly—"although I cannot think you are right, Molly. I believe you will make quite a sensation in that frock, my dear. It will suit you—it looks your style of dress, even lying across the chair."

This never brought Brande's newspaper down at last, and he looked critically at the article in question.

"Why, sir," cried Molly, "what do you think of it, Brande?"

"It is exceedingly handsome."

"Do you think I shall look well in it?" she asked with intensified anxiety.

"You always look well, Molly," he answered politely.

"Ah, but that is just what you would say to the Gwynnant girls or to Lady Du Quesne!" she retorted. "You ought to tell me I shall look half the hearts in the county, or some thing of that kind."

Brande did not answer; but he looked at her in an odd, half-offended, half wistful way, as if he were reproaching her.

He had contracted a habit of looking at her like that lately; and, though she would not let him see that it affected her, it really fretted her wofully. She could understand that he felt himself at a great disadvantage when in her presence, but she could not understand his slowness to follow her lead in forgetting the past; if she was willing to blot out his misdeeds, surely she had a right to expect that he would respond to her effort to make things pleasant all round! Instead of his doing so, she caught him occasionally looking at her with passionate reproachfulness in his eyes, nay, she told herself impatiently, assuming the airs of a martyr.

Mr. Tennant's prophecy came true. Molly did quite an impression at Lady Du Quesne's ball, although she was almost unconscious of it herself, her attention being fully occupied by events of greater importance which happened that night.

She was, first of all, astonished beyond measure by seeing starting by her partner a most incomprehensible conduct. She dressed for the ball before dinner, and was alone in the drawing-room when poor, unhappy Brande entered. She did not hear him, and he stood looking at her for quite a minute before she knew he was there. He had never seen her in evening dress before, and the full measure of his admiration broke upon him so unexpectedly that he was dumfounded. He had always thought she was good looking, but her dresses, trimmed heavily with cotton, had somehow prejudiced him against since her arrival at Bryn-mawr; and she was so forgetful of her own advantages, never having recourse to any of those little artifices by which most women accentuate their good looks, that until that moment, when he came upon her standing in the full glow of the gaslight, her superb figure set off by her handsome gown, her finely-shaped head with its wealth of ruddy-brown hair looking more queenly than ever above her fair white shoulders, he would have thought it flattery to apply the term beautiful to her. In his brief scrutiny, however, he realized that she was truly beautiful, and with that realization came a sharp pang of mingled pleasure and pain. Acting upon impulse, and forgetful for the moment of everything save her presence, he went quickly up to her, and clasped her in his arms in a very passion of love and admiration, he kissed her vehemently, and then suddenly released her.

The action had been so utterly unexpected—for they never kissed now except in uncle Griffith's presence—that Molly flushed a deep crimson, and stepped back, panting with surprise.

"Why this violent outburst of affection?" she asked, with a touch of displeasure in her manner, holding her head erect as she spoke, as if to forbid by her dignity a repetition of the offence.

Instead of answering, Brande stood and looked at her silently for a few moments with such an expression of misery in his eyes that her heart yearned towards him. With a sudden intuitive feeling that he was suffering and that in some way unknown to herself she was the cause of his pain, she put her hands together and stood in an attitude of supplication

"What is it, Brande?" she murmured, in a tone of passionate entreaty, leaning towards him, unmindful of her indignation of a moment before. "Why do you look at me like that? What have I done that you should play the part of a stern judge to me? Tell me—tell me!"

Her pulses throbbing with an anxiety born of the reproachfulness in her lover's face, she moved towards him with an infinite yearning in her eyes as she repeated in a tone of keenest supplication—

"Tell me Brande—tell me!"

He took her hands in his, and so they stood for a moment, their eyes fixed in a gaze of mutual inquiry; then, with a sharp, short laugh, Brande turned abruptly away as Mr. Tennant entered the room.

Molly did not know that he would have told her what she wanted to know if they had remained alone an hour longer. Her glance as he held her there before them had been stern, almost cruel, in its intensity and its safe. What did it mean? she asked herself again and again during the dinner and the drive to Plas Newydd; and the oftener she put the question to herself the greater difficulty she found in attempting to answer it.

Mr. Tennant was puzzled from the perturbation of mind caused by Brande's inexplicable behavior another event occurred which set her wondering and surmising again.

Griffiths Tennant's first words as they caught sight of Lady Du Quesne in the middle of the room were spoken softly into Molly's ear.

"She has the necklace on, Molly!"

An indescribable inflection in his voice conveyed to Molly the knowledge that this fact was a shock to him, though she could not see why it should be until he had answered her next question.

"What necklace, uncle Griffiths?"

"The one designed for her by Mr. Simcox—the antique necklace that she had such difficulty in matching the pearls for—the one she wanted the Bryn-mawr pearls for!"

Molly glanced over her shoulder to make sure that Brande was not within hearing before she asked:

"Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Because she showed me the design the first time I called here this autumn."

"Uncle," whispered the girl, "do you think——"

"Hush!" he interrupted, quietly. "Don't say anything yet!"

The next moment they were shaking hands with their hostess, who greeted Mr. Tennant with an almost triumphant air. He saw at once that she wanted him to congratulate her; but for the first few moments, with a fear in his heart which he could not repress, he was unable to utter a word. Poor Molly, in spite of all her efforts, could not keep her eyes off the magnificent pear-shaped pearls, and Lady Du Quesne, unable to resist the opportunity of crowing over Mr. Tennant, opened fire herself.

"You see I completed my necklace without your help after all, Mr. Tennant."

"So I see," he returned with grave courtesy; "and I must congratulate you on the result, Lady Du Quesne. The effect is most beautiful."

"The place centre pearls I had to wait for; we had such difficulty in getting, and I think they are almost identical with yours. We are discussing my new pearls, Brande," she went on, as the younger Mr. Tennant came up; "and I'm telling your uncle I don't believe there is a pin to choose between those I wanted to buy from him and these."

Brande glanced at the jewels, and then wheeled round and faced Molly before she had time to drop her eyes. It all passed in a moment, and yet Molly would have given a great deal not to have met that confused, conscious glance of his. It was an unmistakable admission of the truth of her fears. For a few moments she was deaf to everything going on around her; there was a bewildering buzzing in her ears and a general chaos in her ideas; and when she recovered from the shock she heard Lady Du Quesne saying:

"You will have to contrive to keep her shut up any longer, Mr. Tennant. Now she has once been seen, there will be a rush for her. Your piece is the handsomest girl here tonight."

The words sounded empty indeed to Molly's ears, with the memory of Brande's conscious look in her direction.

"By-the-bye," observed her ladyship, returning to the subject of the necklace as they prepared to move on, "I hope I have succeeded in her desire, she found the topic an exceedingly pleasant one, "how is it you are not wearing the Bryn-mawr jewels to-night, Mr. Tennant? We have not seen them since the night of Carnarvon."

Mr. Tennant shook his head with a smile which pained Molly keenly; and, without a moment's thought, she threw herself into the breach.

"Spare my consciousness, Lady Du Quesne," she murmured softly, "when I tell you certain circumstances make it necessary that they should be reset."

"Of course! I had forgotten," exclaimed the lively hostess laughingly, as she turned to greet some new comers.

"I suppose I may claim the first waltz, Molly," said Brande, as they passed into the dancing-room, and then, placing his arm round her waist, he whispered—"The life was unfortunately necessary; but might you not have left it to some other one to tell! I wish so much you had, Molly—so much!"

"Surely you are very ungrateful to tell me so!" she exclaimed with resentment in her tone. "Since it had to be done, you should thank me for taking the unpleasant duty off your hands."

"I can't look at it in that light," he answered drearily. "I wish I could—I might feel lighter-hearted than I do. Ah, Molly," he added, with a quiver in his voice, "what would it matter if not give if things could only be as they were!"

"And I too, Brande," she said softly—"and I too; but they never will be quite that again—never!"

And he echoed the word "Never!" as he led her into the circle of dancers.

On their return from Plas Newydd Brande insisted upon going himself to the stables to see that the horses took their warm mash; and, when he was gone, Molly sat before uncle had five minutes' private conversation by the library fire as they warmed their hands and drank their hot coffee.

Mr. Tennant cautiously approached the subject that was uppermost in their minds, as though he were afraid of hurting Molly's feelings or giving her pain. Molly, "what would not give if things could only be as they were!"

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"The much-talked-of necklace was a great success, wasn't it, Molly?"

"It was splendid, uncle!" she replied at once. "I never saw so many beautiful pearls together before."

"She is very perseveringly woman," he went on thoughtfully, "Du Quesne had no chance against her and her two hundred thousand pounds—she made up her mind she'd marry Brande and he was quite the same—she made up her mind she would get the pearls to complete her necklace in time for this ball, and she did." He paused a moment, and then added, with an assumption of indifference which did not deceive Molly—"I wonder how she got them after all. I should like to know."

The girl did not answer; she was thinking that this was a case in which a certain knowledge of the truth might be harder to bear than mere belief unsupported by proof.

Her uncle glanced rather nervously at her as he went on—

"Would you mind my trying to find out, Molly?"

"Find out what, dear?"

"How Lady Du Quesne got those pearls."

"Uncle," she said, gently, "don't think about me at all in the matter. Whatever you decide to do, I shall know it is for the best. If it will make you happier to know where those pearls came from, try to find out."

"If you are sure you won't think me harsh and cruel," he began.

"Nonsense!" she interjected, softly kissing him on either cheek. "As if you could think a harsh and cruel thing, much less do one!"

"Then I will drive into Carnarvon to-morrow," he said, hurriedly, as Brande's footstep sounded in the hall, "and get Mr. Kenswald to interview Lady Du Quesne on the subject."

(To be Continued.)

A Considerate Master.

After the battle of Marx la Tour, the field was covered with the dead, and all available houses filled with the wounded. With great trouble a small room, in which stood a table, chair and bed, was found for the Prussian king. Upon entering, he asked:

"Where are Bismarck and Moltke?"

"They have no place as yet," answered the adjutant, well knowing how necessary it was that they should have rest.

"Then invite them to camp with me," was the reply; "but order the bed to be removed—the wounded can use it better than I—and bring us straw."

It was done, and the three heroes rested during the rainy night upon the straw covered floor. Never was a milder master than the emperor, as numerous instances prove. One evening he drove to the Victoria Theater in Berlin, accompanied only by his coachman and body-servant. He left the coachman behind certain of several hours, entered a restaurant near by. But the emperor returned very shortly. The coachman drove up, but the body-servant did not appear. Ten minutes passed by before he was found drinking his glass of beer. Half frightened to death he began to excuse himself when he was interrupted by the monarch.

"Nonsense—don't bother about it! You have often waited for me; now I have waited for you and we are quits."

An Important Fragment.

Citizen (in Fifth Avenue hotel to reporter)—Those three gentlemen standing at the bar are leading politicians from the West, and if you can catch on to any fragments of their conversation you may hear something of political importance to write about.

Reporter loiters carelessly in their vicinity and returns.

Citizen—Get anything?

Reporter—Not much; they are very guarded in their conversation. The only thing that I could catch was to the effect that the more a man talks when he is playing poker the less chance he has to win.

His Appetite Varied.

A six foot man not feeling very well, recently called on a prominent physician for advice, who asked him: "Have you an appetite?"

"Well, that depends on what you have got in the house."

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BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, I thought it might be you! Isn't this dreadful?" she said, as she put out her white hand and grasped his, in a clinging way, that made his heart thrill with joy, and told him how trustfully she relied upon him.

"Are you alone?" he asked, glancing about the silent hall.

"Yes, every servant has fled, and I was gathering a few things that I prize, to take away if it became necessary for me to leave the house. How glad I am that mamma is safe at Aurora!" she concluded, with a sigh.

"Will you trust yourself entirely to me?" her companion asked, bending, and looking eagerly into her face.

"Of course I will!" she answered, heartily. "How thoughtful you were to come to me! I am utterly alone in this great city but for you. But is there really any danger?"

"There is every danger," he said, anxiously. "Give me the key to your stable," he commanded, growing pale, for he could hear those wild cries and that terrible roar approaching nearer and nearer.

Turning, without a word, she led the way to a back hall, where she lighted the gas, and then pointed to the key hanging by the outer door. Then she took a lantern from a shelf, and lighted that also.

He watched her with wonder and admiration, even though he was terribly impatient of every passing moment. She was calm and swift—she did not make a false movement—and opened the outer door as she handed him the lantern, then pointed him to the stable.

"I shall harness one of your horses into the lightest vehicle I can find," he said; "meantime, go and gather some necessary articles of clothing; wrap yourself up warmly. Be very, quick about it, then come here to meet me.

He bounded down the steps as he ceased speaking, and his heart sank within him as a burning brand dropped almost at his feet on his way to the stable.

It was the work of but a moment to unlock the door and enter, then with nimble fingers he unfastened the nearest one of a pair of superb black horses, threw a single harness upon the back, and hitched him into a light buggy, and in less than five minutes was guiding him from the building.

He started back, unfastened the halter of the other, and turned him loose to give him a chance to save himself; then leaping into the buggy drove to the door where Mrs. Graham stood waiting for him, wrapped in a long cloak, with a soft white hood tied over her glossy head, a small bag in her hands, and several articles of clothing hanging over her arm.

Mr. Earlescourt reached out his hand to her, glancing anxiously at the smoke thickening about them; she grasped it and without a word sprang in beside him, while at that very instant the shingles upon the roof of her own stable were ignited by a burning brand that had fallen upon them.

"It must go—my beautiful home!" she said, "with a regretful sob; then like a flash she recalled what she had said to her mother when they were leaving England.

She had said her "wealth—her lovely home were but a mockery to her—that she could almost wish herself a poor woman, compelled to toil for her daily bread that she might forget herself and her trouble."

Was she about to be taken at her word?

Mr. Earlescourt looked greatly troubled as he drove out into the street, for it seemed as if an almost impassable rampart of flame was closing around them.

Never had he believed it possible for fire to travel so like a hurricane, sweeping everything before it, marble palaces, granite blocks, and even the solid pavements, as if they had been but so much chaff.

The flames had long since leaped the main branch of the river and were now eating their way on the north side; but as yet they had only reached the Dearborn street bridge, and Mr. Earlescourt believed that if they could make their way across the river, keeping as near the lake shore as possible, they might be able to reach Lincoln Park, where they would be in comparative safety.

He believed that the whole city was doomed, even as Sodom of old was doomed, to total destruction, and that only under the open sky, in the broad acres of the park, could they escape from a dreadful death.

He drove along the avenue until they came to the bridge, and here, as they were crossing, they could look up the river, and see that only one other remained unburned while on both sides the fierce flames were raging with increasing fury.

Hoarse shrieks and shouts, the shrill whistles of the steamers, the thundering fall of mighty walls, all mingled in one fearful pandemonium, and was sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail with fear.

Emelie Graham shivered with horror, and her face looked ghastly pale in the lurid light which shone upon them from every quarter.

"This is horrible!" she murmured; then she turned to look the other way toward the enormous granaries stationed at the mouth of the river.

"Do you suppose it will sweep onward to the lake?" she asked.

"I see nothing to prevent it; it seems as if nothing could quench the fury of the flames but that vast expanse of water itself," her companion replied.

"Then, of course, the granaries will have to go," she sighed.

"Yes; have you friends connected with them?"

"My husband was largely interested in them and interest has not yet been disposed of, although Mr. Tufts has been negotiating for the sale of his shares for more than a month late."

Mr. Earlescourt made no reply, but he wondered if this terrible conflagration would not make her a poor woman, for he knew it must impoverish hundreds, yes, thousands.

They passed through Rush street to Whitney, thence to the upper end of Dearborn, where they found their progress impeded by the crowd of vehicles and people, who, like themselves were hurrying toward the park for safety.

Once they had to stop and wait, as they came into Walcot street, and, close by them, they saw a little girl sitting on the curbing close to a lamp-post, sobbing bitterly.

Her face and hands were blackened by grime and smoke, through which the briny tears were making uneven channels. Her auburn hair was tossed and tangled, and her clothing was half fallen off her little body.

"Poor darling!" said Emelie Graham, a sob choking her at the pitiful sight. "See she is all alone in this hurrying, scrambling throng, and she will surely die if left to herself."

She leaned from the carriage and cried out:

"Little girl, where are your papa and mamma?"

"Gone way off," sobbed the child, but looking curiously into the face of the lady, with a pair of large dark eyes.

"Come here then. I will take care of you," said Mrs. Graham, reaching out her fair hand to her.

The little one arose and sprang toward her, almost frantic with fear from the confusion all about her.

Mr. Earlescourt leaned forward at the same moment, and together they lifted the stray waif into the buggy, where she nestled contentedly into Mrs. Graham's arms, and, wearied out with excitement and fatigue, was soon fast asleep.

Then they went on through Walcot street, past the Catholic Cemetery, into Clark street, and on at last, just as day was breaking, reached the haven they sought—Lincoln Park.

CHAPTER VII.

SAVED.

When Adrien Earlescourt assisted Mrs. Graham for alight in that place of safety she looked gratefully up into his face and said, tremulously:

"Mr. Earlescourt, you have saved my life—you have saved two lives this night; no words will express what I feel—may God bless you."

No one can tell what he had suffered since they started from Michigan avenue. Every moment he had expected that their progress would be impeded, that they would become the victims of a fearful panic, and that the flames, so fierce and hungry, would sweep upon them and doom them to a frightful death.

But for his coolness, his judgment and courage it must have been so. Two or three times his heart had almost failed him in the terrible confusion and excitement which everywhere prevailed, and with that fearful roar sweeping onward in hot pursuit.

"We can at least die together," he had said again and again, feeling as if it would be easier to die with her than to live without her.

But now as he lifted her from the buggy, the sense of relief was so great, his thankfulness so intense, her look of gratitude so sweet, her words so thrilling, that he forgot himself and was betrayed into an expression of feeling that he would have given worlds, afterward, to have repressed, for he realized the moment he had spoken how premature, how almost cruel it must seem to her who had so recently suffered a crushing bereavement.

He held both her hands in a close, almost painful clasp, while he gazed into her upturned face, all his soul in his eyes, and murmured:

"My darling, thank God that you are safe!"

A look of astonishment shot over Emelie Graham's face at this address, then a deep and vivid scarlet flashed over her cheek and brow, and her questioning eyes drooped before the passionate gaze in his that told her so much—that told her he loved her with all the strength of his nature, and that he would have risked his life a hundred times to save hers.

She quietly disengaged her hands, and, too agitated and embarrassed to make any reply, turned without a word to care for the little waif whom they had rescued from among the surging crowd on their way to this place of safety.

An expression of pain and self-reproach settled upon the face of this royal-hearted man as he too turned away to care for the noble horse who had so well borne his part in conveying them thither.

"I ought to have plucked my tongue out by the roots before wounding her thus," he muttered, with a gloomy brow. "What must she think of me? How can I ever explain or ask to be forgiven! But the terrors and dangers of this night have been enough to make any man forget himself."

He removed the harness from the horse and fastened him to a tree, drew the buggy close under its shelter, strong branches, and then went back to his charges.

He found Mrs. Graham sitting on the ground with the child, whom she had wrapped in a shawl, asleep in her arms.

"She will tire you out," he said, as he saw how pale and weary she was looking. "Let me put her into the buggy, where she will be more comfortable, and you will be relieved of the care of her."

"I like it," Mrs. Graham returned, her arms involuntarily closing about the small form, while tears started to her eyes. "It almost seems as if I had my own darling back again. Still I know that she will be more comfortable in the buggy; perhaps it will be best for you to put her there."

She allowed him to take the little one and followed him to see that she was carefully covered.

"Mamma, mamma," sobbed the child, arousing a moment as she was laid upon the cushions, and Emelie Graham's heart ached for her and for the hearts made desolate that night by her loss.

"Now let me do something for your comfort," Mr. Earlescourt said, turning to her and regarding her anxiously.

He had snatched two robes from their pegs when leaving the stable, and he took them from beneath the seat of the buggy as he spoke.

"There is a big, warm robe near here," he continued, turning toward it. "Let me spread this robe on the ground for you, then I will fold the other and lay it around the bowlder for you to lean against. Perhaps you will be able to get a little rest, even if you cannot sleep."

He suited the action to the words, and in a moment or two had arranged quite a comfortable couch for her, and she sank wearily upon it, for she was nearly worn out.

"What will you do?" she asked, looking from her lowly resting-place with grateful eyes, but feeling conscience-smitten to have him do so much for her when she knew that he, too, was nearly exhausted.

"I will watch over you, if you will try to sleep," he replied, with the same undertone of tenderness in his voice with which, a little while before, he had thanked God that she was safe.

Again a crimson flush mounted to her brow but quickly receded, leaving her paler than before, while an expression of keenest pain swept over her face.

"I will watch between you and our little waif, and keep an eye as well upon our noble horse," he hastened to add, "for in the confusion that exists all about us there are doubtless many plunderers at work, and we must guard our property or we shall lose it."

He turned away as he ceased speaking, and Mrs. Graham, feeling as safe in his care as if she had been in her own home, drew her warm cloak about her, and closed her eyes, and soon sleeping soundly, in spite of the noise and excitement all about her.

When she awoke, three hours later, the sun was shining brightly, and she found that an extra wrap, in the shape of Mr. Earlescourt's overcoat, had been thrown over her to protect her from the keen October air.

"How kind!—how generous!" she murmured. Then a feeling of dismay took possession of her lest his own health should suffer from this act of self-denial.

She arose and looked around for him, but he was nowhere in sight. She folded her robes and, taking them and the cloak upon her arm, stepped to the buggy to see how the little girl was faring.

She was just waking, and cried piteously to find herself in such a comfortless place with a strange face looking in upon her.

She was a beautiful child, a little more than two years of age, with dark hair and eyes, a clear, dark skin, regular features and a dainty, perfect form.

"Don't cry, darling," said Emelie Graham, gently. "I am going to take care of you, and we will go and find papa and mamma by-and-bye."

Won by the sweet voice and lovely face of her new friend, the child stopped crying, and held out her arms to be taken.

Mrs. Graham lifted her from the carriage, and carried her to the bowlder where she had rested.

The rock was flattened on the top, and placing the little one on it, she sat down beside her.

Presently she espied Mr. Earlescourt coming toward them, bearing a pitcher and mug in one hand and a well filled paper bag in the other.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Graham, and you, too, little tot. Are you ready for breakfast?" he asked, cheerily.

"I had not thought of breakfast—indeed, I did not suppose it would be possible to procure anything of the kind here," the lady returned, smiling; "but now you speak of it, I believe I am hungry."

"I have not much to offer you, my friend," Mr. Earlescourt said, regretfully. "Only a little coffee with a few crackers and rolls; but they will, at least, serve to appease our hunger until we can do better."

He poured the mug full of steaming coffee, as he spoke, and passed it to her.

"Please take it yourself," she pleaded, drawing back; "you have not had any meal—you are pale and worn. You must be cold, too, for you robbed yourself of your coat to protect me."

His face kindled at her words. It was very pleasant to have her thoughtful for him.

"Nay," he said, gently, "I have already had some, out by the camp-fire where it was made. Drink it, and then we will eat together," and he forced the mug into her reluctant hand.

It seemed as if she had never before tasted such delicious coffee. She was very thirsty, and drank the whole of it, feeling both strengthened and refreshed after it. She then tried to make her little charge take some, but she did not like the taste of it, and cried for a cake.

A roll was given to her, and she ate it with the hungry appetite of a growing child.

It was a very primitive repast, but a very enjoyable one nevertheless, and they were exceedingly grateful for it. It was a very dear one as well, if Mrs. Graham had but known it, for Adrien Earlescourt had parted with a tendollar note to provide for his charges.

Later in the day he took the horse and went back into the city to see what further provision he could make for their comfort.

He hoped to be able to find some place of refuge for them; but there was not a spot in all that ravaged region. Every available room outside the burned district was already crowded to overflowing, and the very best that he could do was to obtain a basket of provisions, a small mattress, and a piece of sail-cloth, and then retrace his way to Lincoln Park.

"What shall I do for you?" he asked Mrs. Graham, on his return. "I cannot endure the thought of your passing the night in this place."

"If we could drive out to Aurora, where mamma is, we should all be well cared for," she replied, thoughtfully.

"But that is a good many miles from Chicago."

"Yes; about forty, I believe."

"It would not be possible, at this hour," Mr. Earlescourt replied, decidedly. "There is still so much confusion, and the streets are so blocked, that a great deal of danger would attend such an attempt."

His companion looked troubled.

She was very weary, for the little one had been a great care all day, while the sight of so much suffering and destitution all around her had been a severer test upon her nerves, and it seemed as if she could not endure passing the night there."

"I have done the best I could," Mr. Earlescourt went on. "I managed to secure a large piece of tent-cloth, and a small mattress. I can construct a small tent for you and the child, and perhaps you may be able to get some rest on the mattress."

Emelie turned to him, with a tremulous smile, feeling condemned that a thought of repining had entered her mind.

"I ought to be very thankful to have so thoughtful a friend," she said. "I am sure we shall do very well indeed. But I shall not rest easy unless I can know that you will be comfortable also."

"I will occupy the carriage. It will be the surest way of guarding it; and I have an extra blanket for myself," he answered, and then proceeded to unpack his basket of provisions.

He had provided most liberally, and of luxuries which his companion had not believed it possible to procure at such a time.

Little May—as they learned that was the child's name, although she did not seem to know her last one—did ample justice to the dainty viands, and then allowed Mrs. Graham, to whom she had clung all day, to put her to bed, beneath the small tent which Mr. Earlescourt made by attaching one end of the sail-cloth to a tree, and pinning the other to the ground.

Mrs. Graham herself soon after retired, and then, worn out with his care and labors, Adrien Earlescourt sought what rest he might get in the carriage.

Thus another night was passed, and morning dawned again upon those thousands of homeless people.

After our trio had breakfasted, Mr. Earlescourt told his companion that they would try to make their way to Aurora that day; they would start early, and perhaps be able to reach the place by evening.

He gave his tent and mattress to a poor woman who had a sick son, and she was deeply grateful for the gift; their basket of provisions they would need on their journey, and this was taken along in their buggy, and by 9 o'clock they had started on their dangerous way.

It was a long, hard journey; but they reached Aurora safely at evening, and were welcomed with open arms by Mrs. Gerard and Mrs. Graham's other friends, who had suffered untold anxiety on her account.

Mr. Earlescourt remained a couple of days to recuperate, and then he said that he must go. His passage was engaged on a steamer that would sail on the fifteenth, and it was already the twelfth, while it was imperative that he should be in England before the month was out.

"I am indeed very sorry to part with you," express, "Mrs. Graham said to him at parting; "and I am very grateful."

"You owe me nothing," he replied, while he searched her face wistfully for one ray of hope in response to the love that was consuming him. "It is I who owe you an apology for anything which I have said or done to cause you one moment of pain," he added, humbly, and in a husky tone. "Attribute my presumption to excitement, anxiety—anything you like, except a wilful desire to wound you. Am I forgiven?"

He bent toward her, pale to his lips, and hung upon her answer in an agony of suspense.

Emelie Graham was deeply touched.

She knew that he was one of nature's noblemen, possessing a grand character, a true and tender heart. She knew, too, that it needed but a word from her to make him lay hand, heart and all his great wealth at her feet, and that from that time forth she would be shielded by tenderest love and care, while a brilliant future would await her in his stately home and in the position that she would occupy as his wife in the social world.

But she could not utter it. Her own heart was still too bruised and sore from her recent bereavement to think of forming other connections in life.

She had truly loved her husband, and she shrank with a feeling of keenest pain—even with something of horror—from giving his place to another.

"Certainly, you are forgiven," she breathed, in a low tone, to his plea, with pale face and averted eyes.

Adrien Earlescourt sighed, and gently released the hand that he had held longer than he ought.

"I have not forfeited your friendship, I trust?" he said, in a pained tone.

"No!—oh no! Mr. Earlescourt, how could you think so ill of me?" she replied, looking up now and meeting his wishful glance. "As I told you once before, I shall always regard you as one of my most valued friends."

"May I write you?—May I hear from you occasionally?" he pleaded.

"Yes, indeed; pray let me know how you get home," she answered, smiling brightly, "and I will keep you posted regarding our dear little waif, May. No doubt, you are as curious and interested as I regarding her parentage."

"Yes, truly, I am interested. Ah! how many sad romances—how many tragedies have been enacted during the last few days," he replied.

He saw that he must not refer again to the subject so near to his heart, and, after a few last words of farewell he left her, feeling that the future had a very dark outlook for him.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINNING HER WAY.

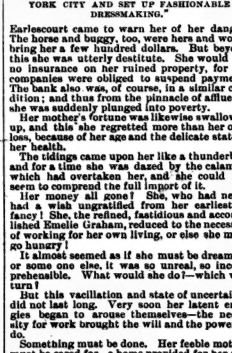
That terrible fire which razed to the ground so much of the "Garden City of the West" made many a poor and many tenderly nurtured families beggars and homeless.

It did not spare Emelie Graham.

The fine warehouses in which most of her own wealth was invested, together with her palatial home, the granaries—those vast storehouses of the great West—in which her husband had been largely interested, the bank in which he had been a prominent stockholder and director, beside a good deal of other wealth, were all consumed by the devouring flames during that terrible holocaust, and, three months later, that beautiful and delicately reared woman awoke to the stern fact that she had suddenly been stripped of her all, that she was poor, with a poverty such as she had never dreamed of.

She had been taken at her word—her impulsively expressed wish on ship-board had been granted.

She had saved her jewels, which were valuable and a little money that night after Adrien left her.



"MAMMA, I HAVE DETERMINED TO GO TO NEW YORK CITY AND SET UP FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING."

Earlescourt came to warn her of her danger. The horse and buggy, too, were her own and bring her a few hundred dollars. But beyond this she was utterly destitute. She would get no insurance on her ruined property, for the companies were obliged to suspend payment. The bank also was, of course, in a similar condition; and thus from the pinnacle of affluence she was suddenly plunged into poverty.

Her mother's fortune was likewise swallowed up, and this she regretted more than her own loss, because of her age and the delicate state of her health.

The tidings came upon her like a thunderbolt and for a time she was dazed by the calamity, which had overtaken her, and she could not seem to comprend the full import of it.

Her money all gone! She, who had never had a wish ungratified from her earliest infancy! She, the refined, fastidious and accomplished Emelie Graham, reduced to the necessity of working for her own living, or else she must go hungry!

It almost seemed as if she must be dreaming or some one else, it was so unreal, so incomprehensible. What would she do?—which way turn?

But this vacillation and state of uncertainty did not last long. Very soon her latent energies began to arouse themselves—the necessity for work brought the will and the power to do.

Something must be done. Her feeble mother must be cared for—a home provided for her and the dear child which had so strangely fallen into her care.

Nothing could be learned of little May's friends, although every possible inquiry had been made and advertisements, with a description of the wanderer, inserted in all the papers. No one came to claim her, and Mrs. Graham felt more thankful than ever that she had stated that her parents and other members of her family must have fallen victims to the terrible conflagration, thus leaving the poor child homeless and friendless.

"What are we to do with her?" asked Mrs. Gerard one day when they were talking over the matter of her disposal.

"I am going to keep her," replied her daughter, quietly.

"Emelie! surely you cannot mean it! How will we ever manage to live ourselves, let alone undertake the support of a growing child?"

"We will manage some way," Mrs. Graham answered, with a decision about her beautiful mouth setting themselves resolutely. "I am growing very fond of her; it almost seems sometimes as if I had my own darling back again."

"Don't, Emelie!" sobbed her mother. "She is not at all like our sweet Florence."

"No, she is very wilful and full of faults; but she is a bright, attractive little girl, and with proper management will become a great comfort to us. She was thrown into my care in a way that seems providential, and I dare not shirk the responsibility. I could not send her to any charitable institution; there is no other place for her, so I am going to take care of her myself."

"Mamma, would you be willing to go to New York to live?" she asked, after a thoughtful silence.

"Why New York instead of here, where you are familiar with both place and people?" asked Mrs. Gerard.

"Because I believe that I can find business better there than here, where it will take so long to rebuild the city."

"Business!" exclaimed the elder woman, aghast.

"Yes, business, mamma dear. The stern fact that I have my living to earn stares me in the face, and I believe that I can go into some business that will support us very comfortably. We have comparatively nothing—a few hundred dollars only, which will soon melt away unless put to some practical use. Mamma, I have determined to go to New York city and set up fashionable dressmaking."

"But, Emelie, you never made a dress in your life, you could not fit a dress to save your life," expostulated Mrs. Gerard, looking blank at the mere suggestion.

"WHEN WILL YOU BE MY WIFE, EMELIE?"

"Granted, mamma; but you know that Madame Draper used to tell me that she would give more for my ideas and suggestions regarding costumes than for all the fashion books published. My plan is to engage Mary Walker who is a superb fitter, and who is thrown out of employment now, go to New York, furnish some rooms handsomely in a good locality, and advertise myself as a fashionable modiste. I have originality; give me material, and I can plan any kind of a costume; Mary shall fit, sewing girls will do the making, and we will get an honest living; you shall lack for nothing and our little May shall be cared for as tenderly as if she was my own dear Florence."

"But, Emelie, I believe that something will be saved out of the wreck of our fortunes; the land on which the buildings stood will still be ours, at all events.

"Yes, and doubtless by and by we shall realize something handsome from it, and it shall all be settled upon you for your individual use; meantime we must live, and I am determined to put my own shoulder to fortune's wheel, and see what its revolutions will bring me."

So it was decided, and the early spring found Madame Emelie Graham located in a fashionable quarter of New York city, an artistic sign over her door announcing that she was prepared to fill orders for dresses of all descriptions, though party and dinner costumes were preferred.

She had disposed of her horse and buggy and some valuable jewelry, and with the funds thus realized she had furnished her rooms richly and handsomely to attract the better class of custom.

It was a bold venture, but she believed in her heart that she should succeed.

And she did. Dressed in her simple, but exquisitely fitting black, which showed her elegant figure to the best advantage, she received her customers with a self-possession and assurance which impressed them at once with the feeling that she thoroughly understood her business, although in one or two instances some surprise was expressed that she did no fitting herself.

"No," she calmly informed them, "she superintended all the work, but the fitting was done, subject of course to her criticism, by a thoroughly competent *modiste*."

(To be Continued.)

Poor Thing.

Lucy—Maud, that was a terrible experience of yours!

Alice—Just think! You wake up and find the house on fire!

Julia—And are carried down a ladder by a fireman!

Emma—In the presence of thousands of spectators!

Mina—What did you have on?

Maud (sadly)—A wrapper and my bonnet!

All—Which bonnet?

Maud—Last season's—untrimmed.

All—P-o-o-r g-i-r-l!

To Avoid Mistakes.

Minister (called upon to marry a young lady to a feminine dude): To avoid all mistakes, please state which of you is the bride.

LADIES!

ARMAND HAIR STORE

Will continue to sell all ready made hair goods up to the 15th September, at reduced prices. All styles in Fringes, Bangs, Waves, Bandeaux, Switches, Wigs, Toupees, and New Chignons ready to pin on, for the back of the head or Coiffure de Promenade, it is a most becoming new style. Also several other new styles. All hair goods are guaranteed as best quality and best finish in that line.

EVERY LADY who buys anything in the hair line is entitled to have her hair dressed gratis, in the latest style and most becoming way.

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A QUEENSTOWN CAR DRIVER.

On Sunday morning we lay at anchor in Queenstown harbor, and I was awakened by the loud-voiced but sweet-brogued bum-boat lady under the port-hole of my cabin as she entreated the steerage passengers to buy fruit, tobacco, etc., after the style of Little Buttercup.

DROVE A LUXUS BUS FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Her voice never ceased for a moment, and the ready wit with which she answered the jeers and jokes of the very unconventional party of travelers with whom she was dealing proved her to be a true Irishwoman. We were detained in the harbor four hours waiting for the mails, which gave us an opportunity to land and have further experience with the most consummate beggars in the world. Queenstown wharf was crowded with the halt, the lame and the blind. The majority of them had something to sell, and they proposed to sell, whether the voyagers were willing or not.

HAD BEEN IN THE CONTER BUSINESS.

"Dade I know yez are an Oirish lad," cried one old woman as she forced a potful of shamrock into my overcoat pocket; "an' would ye lave th' ould sod wudout a sprig av shamrock, wid yez?" It did not seem to grieve her a bit to notice that she had enlarged my pocket a couple of inches, and, though it made me very wrathy, it cost me a shilling to make her quit bidding me an affectionate farewell.

An old Irishman filled the breast-pocket of the same coat with a handful of heather which made every seam in the garment start from its moorings. One of the ladies selling blackthorns forced half-a-dozen of them under my arm and assured me that her "heart was breaking to see me laving the ould sod" and she would only charge me half-a-crown each, though the usual price was 5s. After I had paid for them another Irish lady assured me that they were not blackthorn at all and that I had been imposed upon and offered me some genuine sticks at 2s. apiece. By this time I had another flower-pot, filled with gravel and rootless shamrock, "socked" in my other pocket. "Socked" isn't a very elegant word but I don't know any other which describes the particularly violent motion with which the Queenstown pirates ram one's clothes full of weeds. The tearful old lady who was guilty of the act informed me that she and her four children had just got over an attack of faver, and that half-a-crown would save them from starvation. I compromised at sixpence. Coarse linen aprons trimmed with Nottingham lace worth a cent a yard were pinned onto me by coaxing and bantering young ladies who demanded half-a-crown apiece, and some other victims complimented me on getting off so easily insomuch as I only had to buy six.

"MY MOT 'AS A WERRY 'IGH SITUATION HIN AMERICA, SIR."

THE NOISY POLITICIAN.

An aged gentleman presented me with a shillaleh with a head on it as big as my foot telling me with sweet *naivete* "to buy that an' I wud have to pay no rint, sor." The head of the club very much resembled a man's face, a convenient knot representing one eye. I told him the club looked something like an Irishman, but that it had only one eye. "Dade, sor," said he, "a fightin' Oirishman nivir has ony more." It cost 3s. 6d.

Another Irish lady having discerned that the inside breast pocket of my overcoat was still empty, by a deft movement of her taper fingers filled it with a hunk of turf, and could not be comforted for less than sixpence. I got back to the ship ragged and dirty, and my plight was that of every other passenger who ventured out of the little wooden cage which surrounds the landing place. All I have to console me for the ruin of a fairly good spring overcoat is about five pounds of turf and gravel thoroughly mixed with dried heather and crumbling shamrock.

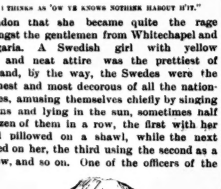
There were only one hundred and six cabin passengers, but five hundred people bound for the alleged land of Liberty occupied the steerage. They were very interesting, and fully fifteen or twenty of them were clean. With the prehensile suddenness of the Israelite, half a hundred Polish Jews pre-empted that portion of the steerage deck immediately below and aft of the promenade deck occupied by the cabin passengers. They were remarkably kind to each other, and it became a daily amusement for the ladies to take oranges, raisins and other articles of dessert and give them to the children. They were always divided into small portions and passed around, everyone getting a taste. It was also remarkable what a small quantity of clothing the children had on and yet their little bare limbs did not seem to suffer from the cold. The mothers manifested a curious interest in phrenology, and the daily investigations of the youngsters' heads resulted in the capture of numerous insects which were put to death on the maternal thumb-nail, though occasionally, by way of variety and to excite further interest and probably secure more gifts from the masculine spectators above, half-a-dozen boys would use their teeth for this interesting performance. The arbitrary steward in charge of the deck, however, put an end to this playful proceeding.

A POLISH RABBI.

THE MAN WHO DID NOTHING BUT READ.

REPRESENTING THE OLD BAILEY.

Of course there were belles and beaux among them; and when to the voluptuous strains of an accordion they used to dance, one yellow-haired maiden, whose fleshy figure was unconfined by anything more rigid than a calico dress, was wont to trip it with such vigor and abandon that she became quite the rage amongst the gentlemen from Whitechapel and Bulgaria. A Swedish girl with yellow hair and neat attire was the prettiest of all—and, by the way, the Swedes were the cleanest and most decorous of all the nationalities, amusing themselves chiefly by singing hymns and lying in the sun, sometimes half a dozen of them in a row, the first with her head pillowed on a shawl, while the next rested on her, the third using the second as a pillow, and so on. One of the officers of the vessel told me that this was a striking characteristic of all the peasants who crossed in the steerage. They refused to become separated, the men perforce cuddling together by themselves, and the women resting their heads on one another, as animals do when they seek warmth and rest.



"I THINKS AS 'OW YE KNOWS NOTHIRK HABOUT H'IT."

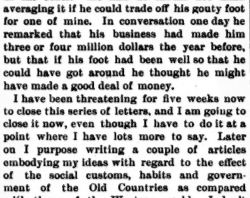
SIN'.

It was remarkable, too, to notice the popularity which some of these steerage passengers obtained almost from the start. There was "Sis'," who wore a man's hat and was "Sis'" to everybody; it was universally esteemed a privilege to be near her. The accompanying sketches explain themselves, and are representative of an influential class of steerage passengers which can, doubtless, be observed on almost every ship. Upstairs we had the usual variety of characters. The old gentleman who always talked politics and invariably got angry; the other old gentleman who perpetually conversed on religion and never failed to insult those who differed with him; the alleged creole lady who seemed anxious to make a record of having "spooned" with every young man on the ship, were all there. The newly married couple who sat in a secluded corner under the same rug, read out of the same book, partook of their meals out of the same dish, and seemed to think entirely with the same thunk, much to the weariness of everyone else, they were there too. They held each other's hands as if to declare to the world that their fingers had been joined together as indissolubly as their hearts. The usual Wall street broker was on board betting heavily on the speed of the ship, also the commercial drummer with many anecdotes of previous voyages, and the frequent statement that this was his thirty-seventh trip. The old gentleman bringing his daughters home from school never wearied in telling us the names of the professors who had taught his progeny French and music and evinced undue fondness for stating the price he had paid for the training of the minds of those gentle girls.

SIS' SISTER.

THE BELLE OF THE STEERAGE.

Mr. P. D. Armour, the Chicago pork packer, esteemed to be worth fifty millions, was bringing a gouty foot home from Europe after an ineffectual attempt to soak the rheumatism out of himself at the watering places, where kings and princes go to purge themselves of the effects of the pleasant vices which become instruments to plague them. He had his wife and a number of his wife's relations with him, and was one of the most approachable and unpretentious men on board. I happened to be located at the same table with him. He sat at the head and I sat at the foot. Somebody started the mean joke about there being fifty millions at one end of the table and fifty cents at the other. He said he should not mind averaging it if he could trade off his gouty foot for one of mine. In conversation one day he remarked that his business had made him three or four million dollars the year before, but that if his foot had been well so that he could have got around he thought he might have made a good deal of money.



SIS' PA.

I have been threatening for five weeks now to close this series of letters, and I am going to close it now, even though I have to do it at a point where I have lots more to say. Later on I purpose writing a couple of articles embodying my ideas with regard to the effect of the social customs, habits and government of the Old Countries as compared with those of the Western world. I don't pretend that I know everything about the places I visited, or very much about anything, but I think I will be pardoned for making public my impressions. I will now say good-bye to the good ship Aurania, with a special "thank you" for the kindness and civility of the Cunard Company; and no doubt it will be proper for me to express my gratitude to the few faithful readers who have persevered through this rambling narrative unto the end, as only those who have been thus indefatigable will see this touching farewell, and I congratulate them on having lived through it, and only wish they had had as much pleasure out of the trip as I had.

DON.

[THE END.]

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
IS AN ART WITH US
We employ only the most skilled and competent artistes and positively guarrantee every ordered garment A Perfect Fit

Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Dr. W. W. Ogden of Spadina avenue, who has been summering at his residence in Mimico, has returned to town.

Miss Emily Ryan, Gerrard street east, has returned home after an absence of over a year in Port Huron, Mich.

Mr. Tracy W. Holland of the Western Bank, Oshawa, was the guest last week of Captain Harrry Pellatt, Q. O. R.

Ald. Boustead and family have deserted the classic quietude which Lorne Park affords for the hum and stir of city life.

Commander Law is on deck once more at Government House with the bronzed tan of Muskoka on his genial face.

Mr. T. Edward Pearce of Strathroy, spent last Sunday and Monday with his brother, Mr. W. K. Pearce, at Cornbrook House.

Dr. Widdifield, the sheriff of York, will entertain a number of his friends at the Toronto Club on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. William King Pearce of the Queen street branch Dominion Bank left on Thursday for a two weeks vacation in Strathroy.

Mr. Williams, the cashier of the City Registry office, returned to Toronto yesterday, after a two months' visit to his home in England.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald have returned from the Thousand Islands, the latter looking very much better for her pleasant trip.

Miss Harriet L. Cheney has returned to town after a summer's sojourn at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she was the guest of Mrs. T. McGaw.

Mr. A. McLean Howard, jr., accompanied by Mr. F. D. Morson, left town on Wednesday morning to catch the Arthabasca, which left on Wednesday night for Port Arthur.

Lorne Park is now an all but deserted community. The only residents left are Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Roper, Mr. W. H. Orr, and Mr. E. T. Malone, and their respective families.

Mr. T. O'Hagan returned from a two weeks' stay at Chautauqua. His poem, Another Year, has been selected for the pages of the *Elocutionists' Annual*, compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parker of Spadina avenue Methodist Church will be At Home at their residence, 238 Huron street, on Monday evening, August 10, from 7 till 10, on the occasion of their silver wedding.

A pretty little dickey-bird whispers that social circles are anticipating a bright evening wedding, which is to take place at St. Barnabas' Church on the 19th inst. The contracting parties are members of two prominent West End families.

Rev. Charles B. Kenrick, who has been assisting the rector of St. Stephen's with much acceptance for some time past, was the recipient of several handsome presents and silverware at his farewell dance. Mr. Kenrick leaves shortly for England.

Dr. W. A. Shannon of McCaul street, who was house surgeon at the General Hospital last year, leaves town to day to visit his brother in Seattle, Washington Territory, and will be absent for two or three months.

Mr. H. Lawson, late of the Montreal *Star*, passed through Toronto on Wednesday last. Mr. Lawson is en route for Victoria, B. C., wherere he has accepted the charge of the editorial department of the *Colonist*.

The members of the Berkeley street Methodist Church will be interested in knowing that Mrs. Starr, the wife of their late pastor, intends visiting Ontario after the meetings of the Methodist Mission Board are over at Winnipeg.

D. W. G. King Dodds has convalesced sufficiently to be able to enjoy a short drive in the sunshine. He is much reduced by fever, but hopes to speedily regain his former health and appearance, when he will leave Toronto for his Southern home.

Mr. George H. Mackenzie of Edinburgh, who has spent the summer months in town, leaves for Scotland during the latter part of the month. Whilst here he has been the guest of Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, whose face and figure are well known at the Ontario Jockey Club's meetings, as well as in yachting and cricketing circles.

Amongst others who have returned from the Atlantic coast is Mr. John Wright, manager of the Walker House, whose serious illness during the past three months has been a cause of much anxiety to his friends. Mr. Wright is now progressing favorably towards recovery, and has resumed his duties at the Walker House.

Mr. John B. Freeman, M.P.P., the Liberal whip in the Local House, spent a few days in town during the week prior to leaving for California. Mr. Freeman intends taking the water route to the Golden State, leaving New York about the 1st prox., and will be absent for ten or twelve weeks.

Mr. J. L. Forster, the well-known portrait painter has returned to town from a holiday trip. Amongst other interesting works in his studio is an excellent crayon portrait of the well-known novelist, the late Bertha M. Clay (Charlotte May Brane). This picture is a commission from her brother, Mr. F. Brane, a well-known musician of this city.

The annual At Home and fall races of the Toronto Rowing Club will be held this afternoon, commencing at 2.30. Marciano's Italian band will be in attendance. The list of entries for the races is very large, and as all the crews are in hard training some good sport may be expected.

Sporting men and those who have the pleasure of knowing him personally will be sorry to learn of the alarming seizure by epilepsy which overtook Mr. H. J. P. Good, the sporting editor of the *Empire*, last Wednesday night. SATURDAY NIGHT but voices the sentiments of many in wishing Mr. Good an early and a complete recovery.

Mr. Murray McFarlane is a son of Mr. J. M. McFarlane of this city. He is also a follower of Nimrod, having, with the assistance of Mr. Alex. Robertson of Madoc shot and killed two bears. The larger bear made a desperate fight of it, having smashed their canoe and pulled the plucky pair as well as an Indian into the water before succumbing to his wounds.

An esteemed correspondent (S. E. E.) is regretfully informed that his Mackinaw Trip is unfortunately crowded out by lack of space. Amongst the passengers on the Baltic who are mentioned in this article are Mr. B. McKay, Miss McKay, S. E. Eitenilloe, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Dr. J. Davidson, Miss J. E. Davids, Miss C. E. Skinner, Miss Cotton, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Clarence Bogert, Mr. Harry Gillespie, and Mr. and Mrs. Ball of Toronto, Messrs. A. Cassels and A. T. Macdonald of Stratford, Mr. Kerr of Cobourg, Miss Dennett and Miss Nina Dennett of London, Mrs. Massey, Miss Gracie Massey, Miss McNeil and Miss O'Reilly of St. Louis.

The breakfast-room at the Queen's Hotel was very beautifully decorated for the wedding breakfast of Mr. D. McIntosh Blackwood of Winnipeg, who was married on Wednesday morning at the Queen's Hotel to Miss M. L. Aldwell, a daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Aldwell of Toronto. Rev. Canon Dumoulin was the officiating clergyman, Miss Monaghan was bridesmaid and the groom was assisted by Mr. G. Morrison, a son of ex-Mayor Angus Morrison. Amongst the guests present were Mrs. J. N. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Murray, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Armstrong, Miss Ada Perry and Messrs. Kingford, Wm. Perry, William Blackwood, Temple Blackwood, O. Lloyd, Thos. Aldwell and Wm. Aldwell.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Few large cities in the United States exhibit such a general appreciation of the Sabbath as New York. I mean, of course, with respect to the city proper. Broadway is almost deserted, and the closed shops that line this thoroughfare seem strange and many of them new. During the week a ride down town takes you among thousands of people, hurrying men, all full of the spirit of trade, each one possessed with a realization of the moral and material necessity for work and for rush. Competition crowds us all. The fact of its never-ceasing pressure is most forcibly impressed upon one's mind when in contact with a crowd, a busy crowd. We read a bargain in every other face we meet, we feel the need of watchfulness, of self-training in doing what we do well. Sunday on Broadway shows the battle-ground with naught left but the fortifications, the implements of a war for bread and life; a war for comfort, for a home, for a rest in old age.

The Battery at the foot of the street is a beautiful place for an outlook on the ever-changing scenery of the bay. Here are a few acres of ground saved from commerce and devoted to recreation. We are thankful for these little breathing spaces, for the grass and the trees—they fill even hardened hearts with a sense of a beauty in nature superior to great piles of stone and brick. They suggest a wider, freer outlook on life and the things that fill up its measure. The Battery, Union Square and Madison Square are among our choicest pleasures—our most valued prerogatives. They are all worth infinite cash for the sake of the little ones who can find in them a comfort denied them in the closely-packed tenements in which so many are born. These parks imply a humanity probably not dreamed of by the founders. They are beauty spots amid the desert of buildings and stone-paved streets that surround them. Our Mayor Hewett, and a better one there never was, has spoken for the youngsters; he wants their privileges enlarged, he chooses that the grass be grown as a carpet for their frolics, a floor whereon they may roll and drink in, as they love to, the strength of old Mother Earth. He would away with "Keep off the grass." It makes one's heart ache indeed to see and know of the thousands who are unable to get a sight of the country. City streets are not the playgrounds that children should have.

Brander Mathews is one of the best known literary men about town. He is the fortunate possessor of some comfortable thousands in the shape of real estate. He owns the Florence Flats, an immense apartment house on Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street. His principal interest in letters has been the history and criticism of the drama. The result of a residence in France, and a devoted study of the theater of Paris, appeared some years ago in the shape of a volume of essays on the foremost French dramatists, also in a smaller work on The Theaters of Paris, with charming personal matter about many of the great actors and actresses developed by them.

Mr. Mathews prepared for the law after graduating from Columbia College, but the freedom from the common incentive to work, necessity, has made it easy for him to devote leisure to short stories, the drama and society. His wife, a cultivated and charming woman, came to America as a member of Lydia Thompson's famous British Blondes. The Social Science Association, which convenes at Saratoga this month, has invited Mr. Mathews to deliver an address on The Future of the Drama in America.

Woman dramatists are not counted by tens; they are rare in our time, and they have been so in all ages. True, during the period succeeding the restoration there appeared several of some note, but then, as since, a woman who could write a successful play was a decided novelty. They have been called upon during the past week to pass judgment upon a new play, Philip Herne, written by Mrs. Mary H. Fiske known to every member of the theatrical profession, and to many outsiders as The Giddy Gusher, over which name she has contributed some of the brightest and most pointed columns to a dramatic journal with a reputation for general cleverness. Mrs. Fiske has made a play out of an old novel, which she frankly confessed when called out on the first night. She has come very near making a satisfactory play. Her treatment is romantic and virile, lacking nothing of a positive masculine strength in dialogue and situation. Philip Herne is far above many past successes, and its inconsistencies are no more glaring or provocative of ridicule than many we tolerate and even applaud. This is her first dramatic production; her next will avoid the mistakes of this. The company engaged for the piece would have made a go out of any material almost. It is admirable and another signal instance in which the reputed astuteness of Manager J. M. Hill stands forth clearly.

I suppose you are all reading Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Ward. It has been several years since a novel attracted so much interest among the really serious class. I am inclined to think that the nature of the story, its record of a spiritual struggle, its pointing a religious moral so forcibly is accountable. An earnest treatment of the great fact of modern agnosticism and its widespread acceptance, from a Christian faith standpoint, must impress us all with the truth and the strength of an ultimate hope beyond and deeper than all doubt, all science. The English publishers, Macmillan & Co., sold their first edition for America on its arrival, and though the cheap reprints have had a large sale they have orders ahead for a shipment just at hand. It appears that Mrs. Ward is a niece of the late Mathew Arnold and the wife of T. H. Ward, a writer for the London *Times*, and also author and editor of quite a number of well-known volumes, notably Ward's English Poets in collaboration with Mr. Arnold. CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

A week or two ago I promised I would mention some parties the following week. The parties were not given, however, at the time expected, so I could not mention anything about them. One of the number, however, has been given and was a most successful affair. This was Mrs. Daniel Spry's At Home, held on Wednesday evening of last week. Dancing was commenced about 9.30, and continued until about 3 a. m. The thermometer during the evening behaved in an uncomfortable manner, everything being exceedingly favorable to sustained dancing. Among the guests present were, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Major, Rogers and Miss Abbott of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lount, Miss Hodgert, Miss Mercer, Miss Hall of Guelph; Mr. B. and Miss Schrieber, the Misses Mason and Miss Temple of Toronto; Mr. A., J. Lloyd, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, Mrs. S. M. Well and Miss Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Nicholson, Dr. John Palling, Mr. W. H. B. and Miss Spotton, Miss K. and Mr. L. G. McCarthy, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Reiner, Miss Stewart, Miss Morgan, Mr. E. G. and the Misses Bird, Mr. F. S., Miss N. and Miss M. Baker, Mr. Hugh and Miss Kortright, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Miss Mockridge Miss Holmes, Miss Miller, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Charles Ardagh, Mr. G. H. Exten, Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. F. H. Lauder, the Misses Forsyth, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. J. Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Macleod, the Misses and Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Mr. C. H. Crease, Mr. F. Hornsby. Mrs. Lount, Miss Mercer, Miss Schreiber, Miss Bird, Miss Reiner, Miss Holmes, Miss Mockridge and Mrs. Nicholson in turn played in a most acceptable manner for the dancers. The floor was all that could be desired, and very bright was the appearance which the festooned flags lent to the dance room.

Miss Hodgert has returned home.

Miss Mockridge left this week for a visit to her brother, the Rev. Canon Mockridge, Hamilton.

Mr. E. Mitchell, lately of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, is at present at the post of ledger keeper in the Bank of Commerce in Barrie. Mr. Ferris has gone to the Hamilton branch of same bank.

The guests have all left the Peninsular Park Hotel.

BRANTFORD.

Socially Brantford has been very dull lately, so many people being out of town. But the gaps in society are being filled, and every day brings fresh arrivals, looking healthy and brown from camping in Muskoka or Georgian Bay, or from the fresh breezes at a seaside resort.

Hon. Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Hardy and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Wilkes and family, Mrs. L. T. Whitehead, Mr. H. and Master E. Whitehead, returned from Parry Sound last week, where they have been spending several weeks at the Belvidere House.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb of New Orleans, are summering here, and renewing acquaintance with old friends.

Mrs. A. B. Bennett, Miss Bennett and Miss May Bennett returned last week from a three weeks' sojourn at Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. H. Hamilton of Halifax, is visiting her sister Miss Byrne.

The Misses McLaren have returned from Goderich, where they have spent the last two months.

Mr. L. J. Finueane of the Montreal Bank, left last Saturday on a holiday trip to New York.

Mrs. E. Blackadder returned last Wednesday from Sorel, where she has spent the summer.

Miss Clara Long of Simcoe, is visiting Mrs. Herbert Yates.

The engagement is announced of a prominent physician to a fair belle of St. John, N.S.

Mrs. Herbert Yates entertained a small party of young people last Monday evening at her residence on Brant avenue.

Mrs. J. K. Osborne gave a delightful party at Woodlawn last Wednesday. Among the guests I noticed Miss Osborne of Burlington, Miss Osborne of Hamilton, Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb of New Orleans, Miss Leader of Toronto who is spending a few weeks with Miss Grier, Miss Gould, Miss H. Gould, and Mr. Gould, Mr. H. Gates, Mr. A. Gates, Miss Nellie Van Norman, Miss Curtis, Miss K. and Mr. H. Curtis, Mr. C. Nelles, Dr. E. Bishop, Miss Kate Wilkes and others.

Mr. Chapman of B. N. A. Bank, Paris, has been spending a few weeks with Mr. A. J. Wilkes. He has recovered from his recent severe illness, and his friends are delighted to see him about again.

OTTAWA.

At the Lower Eardley Church, Ottawa, on Monday, August 27, Frank A. Wood of Toronto, was united in marriage to Marcella G., daughter of the late Dr. George Smith of Montreal.

The church and grounds were tastefully decorated with evergreens and bunting by the ladies of the congregation who had prepared dinner in the adjoining grove.

The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, who was assisted by Rev. Rural Dean Naylor and Rev. George Abbott Smith of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, brother of the bride.

The happy couple left on the afternoon train for Niagara and Buffalo amidst showers of rice and congratulations and best wishes of their friends.

LONDON.

A wedding which had been looked forward to with eager anticipation came off early on Wednesday afternoon. The contracting parties were Mr. William T. Ramsay of Calgary, N. W. T. and Miss Maude Allen Meredith, eldest daughter of W. R. Meredith Q.C., M.P.P. The big cathedral was jammed to the doors with friends and acquaintances, many being unable to pass the doors of the building which was decorated with flowers and evergreens in a manner which displayed much taste. After the arrival of the contracting parties, the bridal procession was formed and was a pretty sight; a surplical choir of boys headed the procession, singing, The Voice That Breath'd, etc. These were followed by the bridesmaids eight, in number, the Misses Evelyn Fiske, Kitty Labatt, Maud Depard, Emily Ramsay, Magdalene Meredith, Constance Meredith and Annie Meredith, who passed up the cathedral aisle in couples. The costumes of the bridesmaids were charming in the extreme, being in the classic Greek style, the gowns being of pure white cashmere embroidered with gold braid, the drapery of which was caught up on the left shoulder. The long veils and puffed sleeves were of white tulle, the gloves of a golden tan shade, and each carried an immense bouquet of golden-rod, secured with golden colored wash ribbon.

The bride, who was supported by her father, was handsomely attired in a gown of white gros grain silk, with V shaped corsage and square train, the latter being secured with a girdle of white silk cord, a tulle veil, and large bouquet of white roses, tied with white ribbon completed the bride's costume which was exceedingly *recherche* in style.

Mr. H. G. Meredith of Buffalo was the groom's best man, and with the latter returned the bridal party at the altar. The Very Rev. Dean Innes performed the ceremony, after which the Wedding March was played on the organ as the invited friends returned to their carriages and were conveyed to Mr. Meredith's residence on Albert street, where the wedding breakfast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay left in the afternoon for New York and other places of interest. On their return from the honeymoon, Calgary will be their future home.

GUELPH.

Miss Lea returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Boyd have returned from a two weeks visit to New York.

Miss Nettie Saunders has deserted us for her Toronto friends and is much missed by the Tennis Club.

Mr. Killet is as fully appreciated by the fair sex in Guelph as he was in Toronto.

Mrs. Brown's kind hospitality will be much missed by the O. A. C. students this winter.

Pretty Miss Gross and Miss Stevenson who have been visiting Mrs. Fred Grenside left for home last week.

Mrs. Webster and Mrs. E. Grange have been spending a few days in Toronto with Mrs. Cooper.

Col. and Mrs. Macdonald are back from a two weeks' fishing excursion.

Miss Morris whose pretty face and fine figure so very much adorned Toronto drawing rooms, leaves us shortly to take in the gaieties of that city.

What a pity the "surgeon" of the tennis club is about to leave us, as we expected him to take the same position in the tobogganing club.

Miss Hodgins of Toronto, and Miss Hamilton are guests of Miss Guthrie.

Messrs. Barber and Hescott, two of our dancing men, have gone back to London, and will be greatly missed in society this winter.

There are to be two pretty weddings in St. George's next month.

The girls would like to hear something more about the dance that was to take place at the Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone will return to England early next month.

Miss Lillie Clark's friends will be delighted to see her home again.

There was a stranger at St. George's on Sunday who excited a great deal of interest and admiration. She was very pretty and was exceedingly sensibly and becomingly dressed in a beautifully cut suit of brown tweed, braided Hussar fashion across her breast. Her hat was brown tyrolese and her hair was twisted up into a saucy little knot and struck through with long tortoiseshell hair-pins. The get up was charming and so was the wearer of it.

COBOURG.

Two prospective weddings are deeply interesting Cobourg society just now. On Wednesday next, Sept. 12, Capt. H. J. Snelgrove, editor of the Cobourg *World*, will lead to the altar, Miss Frances Maud Ferris, daughter of M. Ferris, ex-M.P.P., and niece of Sheriff Proctor. On Sept. 19 Mr. Thurston, a Toronto barrister, and Miss Hargraft, daughter of the late Wm. Hargraft, ex-M.P.P., will be united. Both brides-elect are pretty and popular.

MUSKOKA.

Our Muskoka correspondence in crowded out for want of space this week.

BERLIN.

SATURDAY NIGHT regrets that it is unable to publish it's Berlin correspondent's letter, as the latter arrived without any signature. Our correspondents will please notice that in future we must have the name of the sender, as anonymous contributions will not under any circumstances be admitted into our colums. Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only.

GALT.

The correspondent who writes over the signature of "Delta" will in all probability find that the individual who, unprovoked, delights in wounding the feelings of others, is very often apt to be suddenly brought up in a manner that is as decided as it is unpleasant.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BARRY—On August 30, at Toronto, Mrs. F. W. Barry—a son.

BAINES—On August 28, at Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Baines—a son.

DAY—On August 28, at St. Agnes, P. Q., Mrs. E. A. Day—a daughter.

LEATCH—On August 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Leatch—a son.

MACFARLANE—On August 28, at Toronto, Mrs. George H. Macfarlane—a son.

HOOPER—On September 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Ed. Hooper—a son.

STUTTAFORD—On September 3, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Stuttaford—a daughter.

LEMON—On Saturday, September 1, at 152 Strachan ave., the wife of W. E. Lemon, P. O. Department, of a son.

HENRY—On September 3, at Brantford, Mrs. Robert Henry—a son.

REESOR—On September 2, at Winnipeg, Mrs. W. J. Reesor—a daughter.

Marriages.

WHITFIELD—LECK—On August 30, at Toronto, Rev. William Whitfield, M. A., to Jessie Leck of Glasgow, Scotland.

FORTRIDGE—CASSELS—On September 3, at Toronto, Mr. Richard O. Fortridge of New York city, to Alice A. Cassels of Toronto.

ASH—FRASBY—On August 28, at Montreal, Robert H. Ash to Marianna Frasby.

TASRIO—N'RVAL—On August 29, at Montreal, Alexander Laurence Tarrio of Lacoste, Mich., to Mary, eldest daughter of John Nor'val, Esq., Montreal.

WOTTON—TOWNSEE—On August 22, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Geo. W. H. Wotton of St. Clair, Mich., to Agnes Pison, eldest daughter of Thomas A. P. Towsey, local Registrar at the High Court of Justice, of the District of Algoma.

PARKER—SMITH—On September 4, at Toronto, by Rev. D. G. Sutherland, Dr. Parker to Miss Ida M. Smith, daughter of the late Robert Smith formerly of St. Albans, Vt. Chicago papers please copy.

DUNLOP—EXCELL—On August 29, at Chicago, Miss Lila H. M. Excell and Mr. Robert S. Dunlop of Brantford, Canada.

CURRIE—GROSS—On August 29, at the residence of the bride's mother, Rev. Dugald Currie, B. A., of Glengary, to Miss Cowan Gross.

GUEST—CAMPBELL—On August 30, at the residence of the bride's father, James Addison Guest, of Burnside Place, Rapids to Carrie, daughter of Joseph Campbell, Hallville, Ont.

HARVEY—SCOTT—On August 29, at East Dunham, Que., Lusher H. Harvey to Edna V., daughter of Eugene H. Scott.

LEAHY—SMITH—On August 4, at St. Thomas' Church, Fulham, London, A. Leahy, L.L. and J.P., to Eleanor, Fulham, London, daughter of Charles J. Smith of Kentville, N.S.

READMAN—BLEWETT—On Wednesday, August 30, at the residence of the bride's father, John Blewett, Dundas street, by Rev. T. Bedford-Jones, LL.D., Archdeacon of Kingston, Mr. Fred Readman of Toronto to Eva Erina Blewett of Napanee.

SCOTT—WELLS—On August 27, George K. Scott to Elizabeth Ed ora, daughter of Stewart Wells.

GRILLS—WALKER—On September 5, at All Saint's Church, by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Wm. W. Grills, to Alice Walker.

HAWKESWORTH—BROADWOOD—On September 5, at Toronto, F. Wedgefield Hawksworth, to Annie Broadwood, daughter of the late John Broadwood, The Grove, Barnes, Surrey, England.

LEE—SMITH—At St. Paul's Church, Bloor street, by Rev. T. C. DesBrisay, M. A., rector, Arthur Burdett, eldest son of A. S. Lee, Esq., to Minnie Josephine, only daughter of Jas. D. Smith, Esq., all of Toronto.

LUDERKENING—AUSTIN—On September 1, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, Karl Ludwig Luderkening to Augusta Marguerite Austin.

MARTIN—PEIRCE—On September 5, at St. Thomas Church, Hamilton, by Rev. Canon Curran, assisted by Rev. George Forneret Katy, second daughter of the late Geo. W. Peirce, of St. Catharines, to George Edgar Martin, barrister-at-law.

WARDE—HIGGINS—On September 5, at St. Basil's Church, by Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, assisted by Very Rev. Father Vincent and Very Rev. Dean Harris, James D. Warde of the Provincial Secretary's Office, to Annie, third daughter of W. H. Higgins, Esq., of Toronto.

FRASER—GREAVE—On August 28, at Pembroke, James S. Fraser to Agnes, daughter of James Greave.

GOODSELL—JANES—On August 22, at Bath, C. F. Goodsell, Belleville to Clara, daughter of Samuel Janes, Napanee.

BAINBRIDGE—FYFE—On September 5, at Toronto, John Bainbridge, Hamilton to Mary Ann, daughter of Garden Fyfe, Mount Florida, Glasgow, S. otland.

BLACKWOOD—ALDWELL—On September 5, D. McIntosh Blackwood, Winnipeg, to Marie Louisa Aldwell.

BROWN—HARVEY—On 8 ptember, at St. Thomas' church, by Rev. Canon Curran, Alexander William Brown, Aldershott, East Flamboro', to Ruth Pauline, eldest daughter of James Harvey, Esq., East Hamilton.

CAMPBELL—COREY—On September 3, at Petrolia, Peter Campbell to Lulu, daughter of Harrison C rey, Esq.

DUNSTAN—PEIRCE—On September 5, by Rev. Canon Curran, assisted by Rev. George Forneret, Kenneth Jewell Dunstan to Alice, eldest daughter of the late George W. Peirce, St. Catharines

GREEN—LEACH—On September 4, at the Central Presbyterian Church, Frederick William Green to Annie Louise, daughter of the late Thos. Leach, all of Toronto.

Deaths.

MORRIS—On August 15, at Baker City, Oregon, Charles Francis Morris, aged 32 years.

O'REILLY—On September 4, at York township, Michael O'Reilly, aged 65 years.

WATT—On september 2, at Sunny Acres, Guelph, Helen Marsitte MacGregor Watt, aged 1 year.

YOUNG—On September 4, at Toronto, Young aged 80 years.

KELLY—On September 4, at Simcoe, Eliza J. Ke ly.

LANCTOT—On September 2, at Montreal, Philomine Menard Lanctot, aged 66 years.

McMORRAN—On August 31, at St. Hyacinthe, Que., Louise Agnes Alma McMorran, aged 3 months.

McMURTRY—Suddenly, on Sept nber 2, at Cacouna, Frank Ogilvie McMurtry, aged 12 years.

SOMERVILLE—On September 4, Wm. Fitch Somerville, aged 2 months and 8 days.

CARD—On Septe nber 2, at 40 Scollard street, Alexander Card, in his 24th year.

CHILDS—On September 1, at Montreal, William Sullivan Childs, aged 72 years.

FRACKELTON—On August 30, at Montreal, Margaurite Frackelton, aged 1 year and 6 months.

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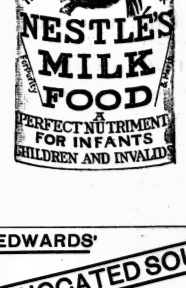

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FAIRFIELD—On August 31, at Bath, Ont., Mrs. S. M. Fairfield, aged 47 years.

HAGARTY—On September 3, at 229 Simcoe street, Anne Elizabeth, wife of Chief Justice Hagarty.

McCASKILL—On August 19, at West Hawkesbury, County Prescott, Annie McLeod McCaskill, aged 53 years and 10 months.

McCUAIG—On August 18, at St. Urbain, Premiere, County Chateauguay, Catherine McCuaig, aged 45 years.

HICKEY—On September 5, at 570 King street west, Mary Hickey, aged 39 years.

HOLMES—On September 4, at 82 Alexander street, Norman Holmes.

DAVIDSON—On August 31, at Durham, Marguerite Archibald Davidson, aged 11 years.

MONTEITH—On August 31, at Toronto, James Monteith, of Melbourne, Que., aged 39 years.

MUTTON—On September 1, at 175 Ternulay street, William Henry Mutton, aged 9 months.

OLIVER—On August 26, at Fergus, Edith Geraldine Oliver.

TWOHY—On August 30, at London, James Twohy, aged 55 years.

CARRUTHERS—On September 1, at Willow Bank, Township of Hamilton, George Carruthers, sen., aged 67 years.

DEACON—On August 31, at Milton, John Kenneth Deacon, in his tenth year.

DOUGLAS—On August 31, Mrs. Douglas of Winnipeg, and youngest daughter of the late Joseph Barber of Davisville, Ont.

RICH—On August 10, at Streetsville, George Rich, aged 69 years.

FORSTER—On August 10 at Weston, John Forster, aged 83 years.

CAMERON—On August 30, at Winifred McDougall Cameron, aged 13 years.

CROMBIE—On August 30, at Burlington, J. J. Crombie.

MILLER—On July 7, at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, England, Jane Miller, aged 76 years.

BLAND—On August 22, at Wanstead, England, Agatha Elizabeth Bland.

DAVIDSON—On August 23, at Hemmingford, Mary E. Davidson, aged 49 years.

DUNCAN—On September 1, at Toronto, George Duncan aged 38 years.

McLEAN—On July 31, at Denver, Col., John Gunn McLean, aged 18 years.

Personal Mention.

A rumor has been in circulation for some time that Mr. Hipkins, the skilful and popular dental surgeon, who for years has had such a large and fashionable practice in Toronto, was about to leave the city. This rumor is entirely incorrect, and is probably caused by the fact announced elsewhere that the partnership of Hipkins and Snelgrove has been dissolved. Mr. Hipkins will, after next Thursday, the 13th, be found at very pleasantly and conveniently situated rooms on the corner of Yonge street and College avenue, over Wood's drug store.

Cyclorama

We would advise all strangers when in the city during Exhibition to see the Battle of Sedan. During the Exhibition the great war picture will form a valuable annex exhibition and one that will add much interest to it. Situated at cor. York and Front streets it is sure to catch large patronage daily. Open 9 a.m. to 11 p.m

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Mrs. DeKay—Did you enjoy the soiree, my dear?

Mr. DeKay—Hugely. A dreadful thing happened, though.

Mrs. DeKay—What was it?

Mr. DeKay—One of the waiters was taken for the Duke of Marlborough, and the error was not discovered for two hours!

Mrs. DeKay—Heavens!

Mr. DeKay—Of course, an apology was tendered.

Mrs. DeKay—But did the waiter accept it?

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